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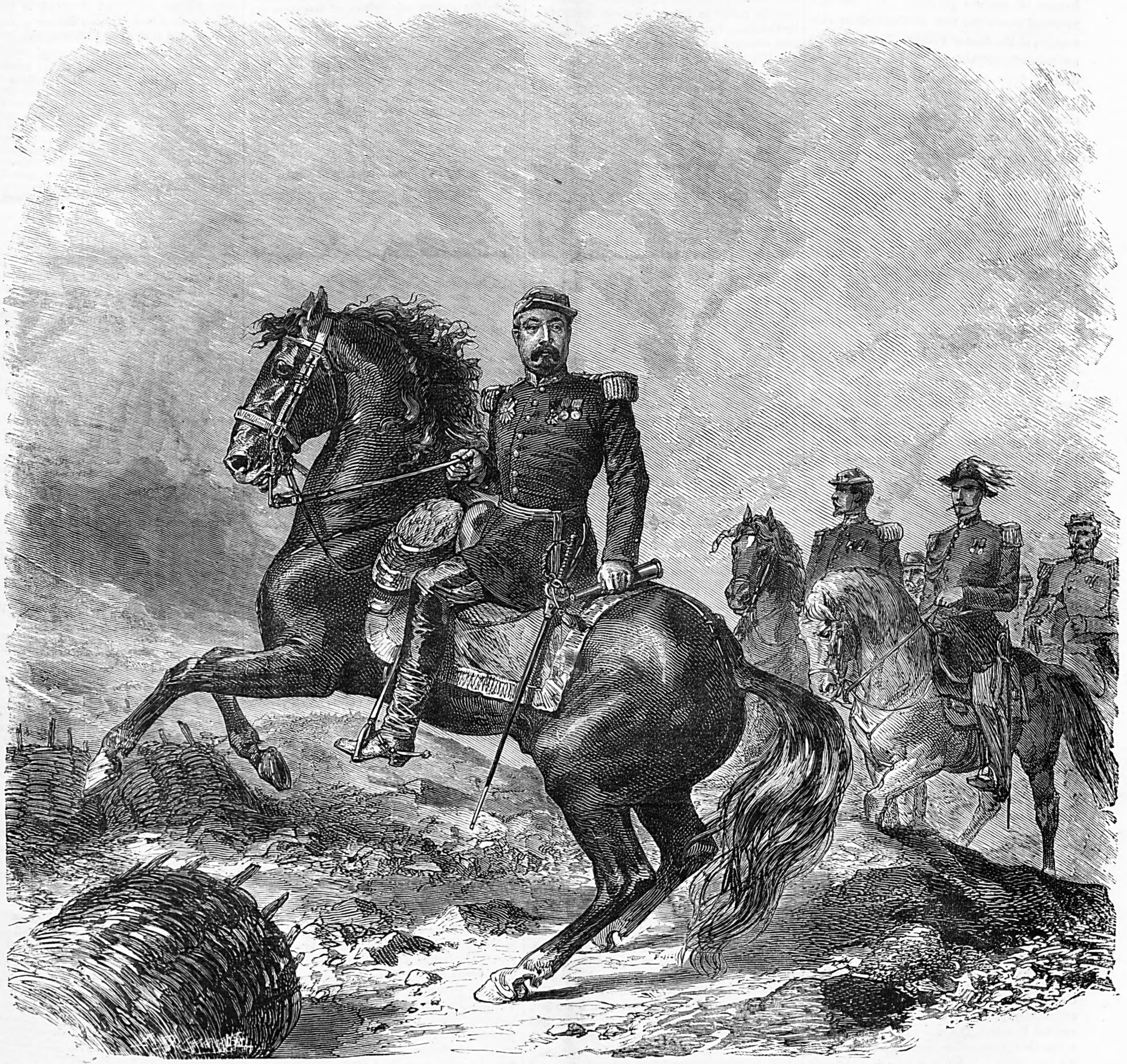
BAZAINE.

The figure on this page was evidently sketched before the commencement of the investment of Metz. Then Marshal Bazaine was mostly a-field, and might be seen any day on that fine black charger, surveying the country with the eye of a master of strategy. In Africa, in the Crimea, in Mexico his aspect was usually that in which our engraving presents him. In his long and exciting career he had seen reverses, but never before was he baulked at every point, baffled in every scheme, hurled back at every charge as he has been by the Prussians on the plains round his country's strongest fortress. In France he has been regarded as the best manœuverer of his age; and his very retreat at Mexico was considered a masterpiece of military tactics. In honour of the work he has done as a warrior, in commiseration of the pain which is suffered by a brave man foiled at every point and rendered powerless at the moment of his country's extremest need, it is impossible not to sympathise with this fine soldier at this hapless crisis in his life. Napoleon as a General is an absolute failure; his best friends cannot hope for him that he will ever retrieve his military reputation. The Duke of Magenta, in his sixty-third year, lies desperately wounded, and will be a cripple for the remainder of his days; there can hardly be any more triumphs on the field for him. But Bazaine is in the pride and prime of vigorous life, his fame as yet untarnished, even by the misfortunes of this extraordinary campaign. As spectators of the unequal strife we can hardly help hoping that the gallant commander who cuts so fine a figure in the picture on this page may yet be able to strike a blow for France worthy of his own name and his country's historic lustre.



MARSHAL BAZAINE ON THE FIELD.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

The centuries have not gone back with a run. The world is not to be given over once again to a series of wars. It has not yet become the duty of nations, great and small, to prepare themselves for a life and death struggle with one strong, ambitious power. Let us beware of panic. There is not much danger after all. No doubt Prussia's triumph has been tremendous. She may be tempted to crow over her neighbours, and to think that she can do anything she pleases; but there is a deal of good, sound sense in Germany, a deal of advanced feeling, a recognition of modern ideas, a comprehension of the inevitable conditions of civilization. Germany will not fail to see what she may do, and what she must leave undone. It was a family quarrel between Prussia and Austria four years ago, and did not much concern anybody else. The present has all the appearance of a patriotic struggle, and the verdict of the world is that France must bear its punishment. If she has not wholly deserved it now she has in times not long past. In this war she has represented, at least in outward seeing, the aggressive idea. Against that idea the best and strongest peoples in Europe have learned to protest, and so Prussia has moved along in her triumphant march, fighting in some sense under the banner of modern progress. We are not prepared to contend that all the fault of this war lies at the door of France. The Prussians are not without blame. There was a good deal of fault on both sides in the quarrel between Bismarck and Bonaparte. But the circumstances of the strife are such that every German who goes forth into the field goes with a sense that he has a good cause, and that the conflict was absolutely necessary for the behoof of his country. And the circumstances are also such that it is impossible for impartial spectators to say that Germany is committing an outrage upon humanity and civilization by following up her advantage. We grieve for France. We would gladly see the penalty she is paying reduced to the smallest proportions. But it is not possible for Europe to allege a special grievance against Germany for what she is now doing. Then comes the question whether the great strength of Prussia, proved in this strife, is a source of future danger in Europe. We believe it is not. It would not be possible now or at any future time for the German legions to go forth into a neighbouring or distant State and commit a glaring act of injustice or spoliation. There are those who contend that she might, and they quote the case of Denmark; but it was because the Danish business was so inextricably complicated with questions of German nationality that foreign intervention was so difficult. Only by a slight turn of the scale was Prussia permitted by the Great Powers to seize a portion of Denmark, and the scale was turned by the strong sense everybody felt of the Germanic element in the case. The action of Prussia is limited—and has been limited ever since the commencement of Bismarck's career—by such peculiar conditions as those of the Danish, the Austrian, and the French War. Without such plausible reason or decent show of excuse as she has had in these cases, with all her military strength she would be powerless. Let us suppose for a moment that she were devastating France, besieging Metz, bombarding Strasburg, investing Paris—as a pure act of unprovoked aggression. It is impossible to imagine it. The subjects of the free German States would not be found willing to fight in such a cause. All Europe would rise up in indignation against the outrage and crush the invaders. There is really no ground to fear on this score. Germany is large enough for the Germans. United the country will always be sufficiently powerful in the future to stand against France. The war that is now raging is one that Europe has been threatened with for four years. When it is over we may look for a long peace.

MARIO'S LAST CONCERT TOUR.

II.

Music is a luxury of which it is quite possible to have too much. I am not, as a rule, averse to sweet sounds, indeed they may be reckoned among my common necessaries of life: at any rate the latter depend very much upon the former just at present. I can and do enjoy a good meal of music consisting of *purée de Kontski, Mario à l'alouette, entrées d' Enriquze, kikiriki de la Liebhart, l'archet de Sivori sauté au violin*, &c., every day in the week, but if the feast be prolonged and dancing follows I confess it sickens me. *Ca me fatigue l'estomac.* I tried the experiment, unwillingly enough, some nights since at Margate, when our bill of fare commenced as usual at eight o'clock. Its interest was enhanced by the aid of Master Hatton, *ætat:* 16, who played the accompaniment of "Good bye, Sweetheart," and thereby set up a landmark in his memory to which I dare say he will often refer in years to come. "I remember accompanying the famous Mario at Margate in 1870," he will be saying some time hence when all the rest of us will have done with touring and concert giving for obvious reasons. Then Master Hatton's papa, the parent also of "Good bye, Sweetheart"—the original English Sultan, being in the room, was pressed into our service and made to give Madlle. Liebhart a singing lesson, much to the delight of the audience. We all enjoyed the innovation. Papa Hatton seated at pianoforte—the impersonation of all that is comfortable, went through the duet with as much ease and *nonchalance* as though he had been in his dressing gown and slippers singing with his own *prima donna* at home. It was against the rule, he said, for him to appear anywhere before the public in Margate except at the Hall-by-the-Sea. Permission, however, had already been obtained from the Sultan's courtly manager, Mr. Hingston, and a breach of decorum thereby prevented. By the singing lesson and numerous *encores* our Concert was made rather longer than usual. It terminated about half-past ten; at eleven o'clock, I, familiarly speaking, went to bed. According to time-honoured custom, a Ball was given at the Assembly Rooms, after the Concert. The Band commenced playing about 11-15 p.m., and the dreams of all sleepers in the neighbourhood, judging by my own case, were disturbed by Mabel Waltzes, Post Horn Galops, and Lancers Quadrilles that seemed interminable. All night long I was dancing—at one time waltzing gaily with a houri for a partner—at another, racing violently up and down the Halls of Delight in a furious galop, and later on getting into inextricable confusion and becoming helpless as a Lancer. What a night! And at six in the morning I dreamt of scales and Cramer's Exercises to awake at last to the sad reality that next door to the Royal Hotel, Margate, over the way, or at any rate in the same street, a Boarding School exists, the pupils of which commence their studies long before the rest of the world are wide awake. From six till seven, in spite of myself, I tried to count the wrong notes that came in rapid succession through the Boarding School open windows. At seven, a fiddle struck up in the room adjoining mine, well played certainly, and of splendid tone, but hardly enjoyable at such an hour. Sivori had begun to *esercitarsi*, and it was useless trying to sleep again. Thus music had been going on incessantly within hearing since eight o'clock the previous evening, and I had enough of it to drive any fanatico mad.

We have now been three weeks on our Tour, and have gained large experience of Hotels good, bad, and indifferent. During the time, we have met twenty-one cods heads and shoulders, ditto saddles of mutton, and forty-two boiled fowls. English hotel keepers are not imaginative. They are wonderfully unanimous in their views of what their customers should eat, but a remarkable difference of opinion is observable among them as to the charges to be made for precisely the same fare. For instance, at the Lord Warden, in Dover, the prices are nearly triple those charged at the excellent Royal Hotel, Cardiff. To give variety to our daily nourishment we carry about with us a supply of maccaroni, which is placed in the care of our Italian servant—one Doro—a young man but an old soldier, who has served his time with Garibaldi and is an adept in the mysteries of Italian cooking. Doro's chief difficulty is that he does not speak a word of English; he is not, moreover, very successful as a pantomimist. He manages, nevertheless, somehow to make himself at home among the pots and pans of all nations, much to the amazement of the native kitchen authorities and their myrmidons, who gaze at the foreigner, dumb with astonishment at his extraordinary proceedings. Once in a kitchen, Doro is master of the situation for a time, and handles every utensil he can get hold of with cunning dexterity—the results of his manipulations are hailed with satisfaction by all of us, and he grins from ear to ear as he watches the long tailed maccaroni being eagerly devoured. The British waiter meanwhile looks on placidly. He is an institution, the same now as he was and ever will be. Example and precept have no influence upon him. He will still, as he always did, carry a dirty napkin under his arm, wear the same greasy suit of black, smell offensively of spirits, and do your bidding as tardily as possible. There are exceptions to the class, which, as a rule, seems to have graduated in one school, and that the school of incompetency. If you venture to suggest greater activity to the British waiter, he will probably tell you he is not a slave, or if you make any complaint whatever he will declare that you are the first who ever ventured to do so. Hotel servants must be the making or ruin of a house. Considering the comfort that is afforded by good attendance, it never can be sufficiently regretted that servants in this country are not generally better drilled and educated than they are at present.

We have now left the sea-side towns and delightful climate of the South Coast. Our last Concert in that part of the world took place on Saturday, 22nd ult., at Hastings, and there we saw the Empress Eugenie. We had just arrived at the station, when a hack fly drove up to the booking office. Two ladies and a boy alighted. A small crowd had assembled to greet them. The ladies bowed gracefully, the young gentleman lifted his cap repeatedly, and the trio, consisting of the Empress, who looked well, Madame Le Breton, and the Prince Imperial went on their way to Chislehurst. The hack fly at Hastings contrasted strangely with the equipages we hear of at Wilhelmshöhe, and might with propriety have been substituted by a conveyance worthier of Royalty, even though in exile.

The changes of climate we have lately experienced have been numerous and sudden. From the stifling atmosphere of towns to the freshest sea breezes; from the most delightful scenery on the coast, back again to the crowded thoroughfares of smoky cities. There can be no greater change in this respect than that afforded by a few hours ride from Sheffield to Scarborough. In the former town the heated, smoky air was thick with midges, flies, gnats, or whatever the insects may be called that represent the English mosquito. A hot autumnal sun had brought them into life, and they swarmed in the bright sunshine, dashing into your face as you walked along, and filling every man's beard. The natives of Sheffield seemed to give them little heed, but to the stranger they were too annoying to pass unnoticed.

From the manufacturing districts to Scarborough and healthy breezes, a blue sea and golden sands take the place of smoke, blackened buildings, and monster chimnies. The resort of gaiety and pleasure. Our Concert is well attended, and we have a larger audience than usual outside the rooms, most tempting facilities being afforded at the Spa to enable people to listen to the music inside without paying for it. Many, as a matter of course, take advantage of this generosity on the part of the management, and are surely not to be blamed for doing so. Those who arrive in time to secure seats on the terrace near the windows are to be found enjoying all the delights of a concert *al fresco* gratis. Old ladies of an economical turn of mind, young couples courting, and listening to De Kontski's transcription of the Garden Scene in "Faust" are there, while large crowds promenade along the broad walk coming, occasionally only, to catch a few notes to hear which they should by rights have paid. Another feature in the arrangements at Scarbro' is that, as at our second Concert there, two bands of music sometimes play on the terrace while the performances are going on inside the adjacent rooms. By this reckless profusion of harmony the weaker and more delicate sounds are, of course, considerably interfered with. Sivori's *Clochette* was almost inaudible through the braying trumpets and booming drums in a selection from the *Traviata* played by one of the orchestras outside, and Mdlle. Liebhart's lofty vocal gymnastics were lost to hearing in a noisy version of the March from *Le Prophête*. However satisfactory these arrangements may be to the promenaders they are certainly not so to the artists who have to display their talent under such disadvantages.

How differently some individuals take their music to others; I do not mean as regards quantity. nor method of obtaining it, as might be supposed from what has been just said, but judging from the various expressions of face observable in an audience it might be thought that music, intended to please all, often has a very contrary effect upon some who hear it. Watch the features of that austere looking gentleman in the front row. He frowns and appears terribly serious when Sivori is playing some of his most extraordinary passages. The arpeggios, and that which a brother scribbler the other day mysteriously called *whipping* the violin, have apparently an unpleasant effect upon the listener, who, nevertheless, applauds loudly when the fantasia comes to an end. Then, again, a few seats further back, is a young lady, who is sad and dejected, refusing to smile at Mdlle. Liebhart's singing and broken English of "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" What can the matter be indeed, with that fair damsel? She is rather more animated when Mario comes out, and gazes languidly at him as he gives forth the words "*Donna Sleal*" in *Spirto Gentil*. That music seems to rouse her from her lethargy, and for a moment she is less apathetic. The two middle aged spinsters sitting near at hand are enthusiastic enough. They insist on beating time, never correctly, all through the performances; their fans are constantly going, and they seem all agog. They enjoy their music thoroughly, whether they really understand it or not. The old tunes have a charm for them, and they would, I dare say, have courage to confess that they like an old ballad better than any long classical sonata. The young *beau* in exquisite evening attire is evidently bored; he has come to the concert to hear Mario, but objects to our Tenor singing English songs: "He can't pronounce the words, and then you know Italian music is so much better than any other;" nevertheless the audience call for "Good bye Sweetheart," and the tight kid gloves worn by the severe Art critic are feebly brought together in token of their owner's languid approval of Mario's exertions to please him. A happy pair—but stay, while thus watching the audience from the platform I have lost my place and have to extemporise an accompaniment in order to catch up my friend who is singing. The programme has now become so familiar to all of us that we could, I believe, go through the Concert without book. A complete change is to be made next week, much to our gratification, constant repetition of the same pieces having made our duties too monotonous.

I have just heard that among the celebrated *artistes* about to revisit England is Madame Viardot, sister to the famous Malibran. A gifted musician and most accomplished woman, Madame Viardot's return must be a matter of congratulation to, those who are aware of her remarkable talent. Her name has been long associated with all that is eminent in the art of music. None of those who witnessed her performances in Glück's *Orfeo*, Meyerbeer's *Prophête*, Verdi's *Macbeth*, and other works can have forgotten the effect thereby produced, while, as a creative musician, the numerous compositions she has published bear testimony to her musical knowledge. It is, I am told, Madame Viardot's intention to pass the winter in London with her family.

Walter Maynard.

NEW MUSIC.

"Les Uhlans, Galop Brillant." By D. Brocca. London: Czerny and Co.

This is a pretty galop, but parts of it are weak. Altogether it is hardly good enough for the title.

"Kitty M'Cree O'Tossell." Words by Edward Capern. Music by Charles E. Tinney. London: Czerny and Co.

A successful performance. The music is well adapted to the words. "Kitty M'Cree O'Tossell (published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*) is one of Edward Capern's happiest productions, and C. E. Tinney has done justice to it.

"The German Rhineland." Poetry by W. V. Drury. German words by a German lady. Music by A. Buhl. London: Czerny and Co.

The heading tells us it is published for the benefit of the wounded Germans. Its musical excellence entitles it to a wide circulation. It is a good patriotic song and deserves a high place in the list of new music.

"One Love." Words by P. B. Marston. Music by Marietta. London: Czerney and Co.

There might have been something very pretty said on the subject of "one love," but Mr. Marston has not said it. His words are much too subtle for us. The music is scarcely good enough to be published.

"Echoes from the Highlands." W. S. Rockstro. London: Cocks and Co.

This piece has some pleasing passages, and the Scottish air, "Ye shall walk in Silk Attire," is very nicely introduced.

"Angel of Peace." Anne Fricker. London: Cocks and Co.

On the title-page there is a neat illustration of the "Angel of Peace," that may be useful to purchasers of this performance who have scrap-books. The music and the words have no claim on anyone's sympathy or time.

"The Murmuring Stream." Words from Goëthe. Music by Charles J. Hargitt. London: Duff and Stewart.

"The Murmuring Stream" deserves a good word, but it is not likely to be a favourite.

"She Sang to her Harp." Song. Written and composed by Alfred B. Allen. London: Robert Cocks and Co.

Our musical readers who purchase this piece will not, we think, regret doing so. It is written in four flats and displays care and ability.

Diet for the Million.—Wealth no longer monopolises the luxuries of life. Persons in the most moderate circumstances can have a delicious dessert daily for a sum so trifling that it is scarcely worth naming. They can take their choice of fifty delicate dishes (each one of which the most fastidious epicure would smack his lips over), at a cost which, in these dear times, may well be called nominal. Custards, creams, blanc-mange, Charlotte Russe puddings, pies, creams, cakes, and jellies are included in this cheap and varied bill of fare. Sea Moss Farine is the most health-giving, delicious, and economical food in the world; composed entirely of refined sea-moss, and prepared with such delicacy as to retain only its nutritious qualities and exquisite flavour. A shilling packet will produce sixteen quarts of blanc-mange, custard pudding, &c. It is certainly incomparable in cheapness, excellence, and the facility with which it can be placed upon the tables of either rich or poor. In shilling packets of all Grocers and Chemists.—Rand Sea Moss Farine Co., 266, High Holborn, London. [21

THE WAR.

Sieges are wearisome as well as dreadful. The soldiers and inhabitants of an invested city are cut off from ordinary communication with the outer world, and suffer all manner of hardships. The besiegers lead a hacking and inglorious life outside. These are all the horrors of war with none of its excitement. Week after week pass by without an incident to relieve the monotony. That is what the Franco-Prussian War has come to after a campaign of about ten weeks. The event of last week was the capitulation of Strasburg; this week there is no occurrence of real importance. The French in Paris, impatient of their position, made a sortie on a rather extensive scale on the 30th of September, but they were repulsed at all points. That has come to be a matter of course. Whenever the French and Germans meet in 1870 the French are miserably beaten and lose a large number of prisoners. France has utterly lost caste in military matters. Its people are completely demoralized. The world has ceased to expect anything from them or to believe anything of them. The only faith that remains with respect to them is their own unflagging faith in themselves. That neither disaster nor disgrace can kill. We gave last week such particulars of the fate of Strasburg as came by telegraph. Since then letters have come from English correspondents who entered the ruined fortress with the victors, and from their epistles we cull some extracts. The *Times* special correspondent entered Strasburg on the Tuesday, the day of capitulation, with a portion of the 30th Regiment. The position of General Uhrich seems to have got at last to be desperate. The utmost the correspondent can say for the possibilities of further defence is that if the troops in the garrison had not been demoralized General Uhrich might have held out a week longer. That is all. "The larger of the two breaches," he says, "was indeed practicable; but there was still six feet of water in the principal moat, and no assault could have been attempted until much of the water had been pumped out and the bank blown in:"—

> But the game was obviously lost; and the troops who, after Monday night, scarcely showed themselves on the ramparts, could not have been persuaded to continue the defence, however much the General might have desired them to do so. They were in a pitable state on Wednesday morning—some ferocious, others reckless, many of them intoxicated. It may be said in extenuation of their madness and folly that for nearly two months they had been very severely tried, and that they had been fighting a hopeless fight against superior numbers.

We are told that some of the French soldiers danced to the music of the Prussian bands as the victorious troops entered the city. Many growled and cursed on seeing the enemy approach, and whole companies who should have marched out of the gates with their arms and piled them outside, broke them savagely on the ground or hurled them into the moat. General Uhrich was negociating to obtain the best possible terms for his gallant little army:

> The troops were to march out with the honours of war, only some of them could not walk. They were to pile their arms after leaving the fortress, but many thought it more honourable to smash them while they were yet inside.

In the midst of the miseries of Strasburg, it seems, two newspapers continued to be published until the day of capitulation. Here is an extract from *Le Courrier du bas Rhin*, relating to the horrors of the bombardment on the Monday, the day before the entry of the Prussians:—

> Last night, however, the enemy proved to us that we had not yet seen the end of their resources, for they fired incendiary shells upon us from an incredible distance. These shells, which generally weigh more than 50 kilogrammes (some of them weighed 150lb.), contain several kilogrammes of powder, and are furnished with a fuse which burns during the passage of the projectile, and makes it burst at the end. The enemy fired a certain number of these shells from Schilltigheim or from the batteries of La Rotonde as far as the Grande Rue, the Rue du Baine aux Plantes, the Rue de la Fontaine, and Les Ponts Couverts. The shells were to be seen rising slowly in the air, then rushing headlong towards the ground. A frightful noise followed their fall upon the houses, in which they caused terrible ravages. One of them pierced three stories and burst in the cellar; others knocked down and smashed entire buildings, pulverizing whatever they touched.

The *Times* correspondent secured a complete set of the Strasburg daily newspaper, from which that extract is made, for August and September, which must be very valuable. The deaths from wounds were regularly announced in these papers; they averaged about ten in a day. "Only the rich people lived down stairs in the cellars," said a Strasburg workman to the correspondent, "*We* had to go about the streets to buy food, to help to clear away ruins, to endeavour to put out the fires that were constantly being lighted, and so on." Beef was half-a-crown per pound in the city during the siege, and horseflesh fifteen pence.

The fall of Strasburg removes the war doings from the original seat of the campaign, except with regard to Metz, which does not promise to surrender yet for many a day. The following is a German official report, dated Tuesday, from Saarbrück, relating to the investment of Metz.

> Sorties are made nearly every day, with feint attacks from different points, but no important results have followed. The French have always been driven back with terrible losses, under cover of the guns from Forts Queleux, les Bottes, and St. Julien. Prussian casualties have been small. During the last week there has been heavy cannonading from Metz throughout the night to harass the Prussian troops. Marshal Bazaine now declares himself fighting for the Emperor. Balloons are continually sent up. A large Cavalry Brigade has marched to Tours.

The following is a Berlin account of the force and condition of the French army in Metz:—

> From the statement of prisoners and the contents of intercepted letters it has been ascertained that the garrison of Metz is composed solely of Gardes Mobiles. The French army is encamped round Metz, and its meat rations during the past fortnight have consisted of nothing but horseflesh. They have no salt, but an abundance of bread and vegetables. There is no forage, and the horses are fed upon barley and grass. The epidemics in Metz do not appear to have decreased. The proclamation of the Republic has been posted up in the town, but the soldiers outside the walls believe the reports of the capitulation of Sedan and the change of Government to be false.

In the South of France war matters are a good deal mixed up with political difficulties and political contentions. On the 28th ult. a demonstration hostile to the Government was attempted at Lyons. General Cluseret forced himself into the Hotel de Ville and addressed the people. The National Guards restored order, and General Cluseret and the leaders of the movement were arrested. At Beauvais, in the middle of last week, it was reported that 300 Prussians before Claremont had been repulsed by the Mobile Guards, supported by the inhabitants, but the Prussians returned with artillery, and opened fire upon several small villages, which were burnt, and the enemy entered Claremont. We give a few items of the events of the week:—

> The *Moniteur* says:—"A person who was able to leave Paris on the evening of the 27th gives us some news from the city. Two Baden regiments had mutinied at Versailles, not wishing to go under fire. Twenty-four were shot. Ten steam mitrailleuses have been completed. The general state of Paris was excellent. The battle of Pierrefitte appears to have been really a great success for us." The Prussians suffered considerably. Every night the approaches to the fortifications are illuminated by means of the electric light.
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> All the men of France between the ages of twenty-one and forty, and all those who have already volunteered, are to be organised into a Mobilized National Guard, and their organization is confided to the Prefects of the Departments. All men from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age who are subject to the Army Law will remain in the Mobilized National Guard till their services are called for by the Minister of War.
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> Ferrieres, Sept. 30.—Early this morning a strong force of French troops of the line made a sortie from Paris against our 6th Army Corps. Simultaneously, the advanced troops of our 5th Army Corps was attacked by three battalions, and a brigade made a demonstration against our 11th Corps. After two hours' fighting, in which our reserves were not engaged, the enemy was driven back, with great loss, to the shelter of the guns of the forts. Our loss is not yet known, but it is not considerable. Several hundred prisoners were taken. The Crown Prince was present during the whole engagement.
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> An edict of the Minister of Agriculture in Paris, dated Sept. 26, orders that from the 2 th 500 oxen and 5000 sheep shall be daily placed at the disposal of the citizens of Paris. This meat will be sold direct and in retail to the inhabitants on the State's account, by butchers whose names are inscribed for that purpose at their respective mairies, and at the prices settled by the public tariff.
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> The Prussians have constructed an entrenched camp at Versailles, and appear to be making arrangements to pass the winter.

A decree has been issued at Tours appointing the elections to take place on the 16th instant.

> LYONS, Oct. 1.—The agitation excited by Generals Cluseret, Laigne, and Richard has entirely subsided. General Cluseret was not arrested on the 28th of Sept., as believed, but has disappeared, after publishing an address announcing his departure for Marseilles. Any National Guard is authorised to arrest him if found in Lyons. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of Laigne, Richard, and others who invaded the Hotel de Ville on the 28th ult.
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> BERLIN, Oct. 2.—A Royal decree is published to-day, ordering the districts of France occupied by the Prussian army which have not been included in the jurisdiction of the Governor-General of Alsace and Lorraine to be placed under the administration of the Governor-General of Rheims. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg has been appointed to the latter post.
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> RHEIMS, SEPTEMBER 30th.—The Landwehr battalions from Landsberg, Frankfort, and Woldenberg, and the 13th Army Corps, repulsed on the 28th inst. repeated sorties of the garrison of Soissons. The garrison have asked for an armistice to carry off their dead and wounded. The German losses are inconsiderable.
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> BERLIN, OCTOBER, 3rd. Orders have been given to take as few prisoners as possible before Paris, so as not to diminish the mouths within the city.
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> The loss of the French (Prussian report) in the engagement of the 30th ult. amounted to 1,200 killed and wounded, among whom was General Giulham; 300 unwounded prisoners were taken. The German loss was 80 killed and about 120 wounded: among the former were eight officers. Only occasional shots were fired from the forts on the 1st and 2nd inst.

General Trochu's report of the fighting on Friday runs thus:

> Our troops to-day effected a very vigorous offensive reconnaissance, and occupied successively Chevilly and Hay, and advanced as far as Thiais and Choissy-le-Roi. All those positions were strongly occupied and intrenched, the last two being mounted with guns. After a lively artillery and musketry engagement our troops withdrew in good order to their positions. The coolness of the troops was remarkable, and the Mobiles showed great firmness. In short, the day was most honourable. We have suffered sensible losses, but their number is not estimated. We believe the enemy had considerable losses.

Eighteen thousand troops are expected from Algiers to form the army of the Loire, the Head-Quarters of which will be at Bourges.

WAR ITEMS.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Wednesday contained a letter two columns and a half long from Mr. Sala in Paris, dated September 25, which came by "special courier."

A meeting of Notables has been held at Cannstadt, Wurtemburg, which was numerously attended. A motion was proposed and adopted that an address should be drawn up to the King of Wurtemburg demanding that there should be no Constituent Assembly, or so-called Federal Constitution, but rather that Wurtemburg should join the North German Confederation.

The Mayor visited General Uhrich at Tours on Sunday evening, and addressed him in congratulatory terms on his heroic defence of Strasburg. M. Cremieux also eulogized his bravery. General Uhrich, who was dressed in private clothes, replied briefly, expressing his thanks. and said, with great emotion, "I shall carry to my grave the remembrance of this manifestation of sympathy." General Uhrich is a prisoner on parole.

An announcement (in English) having been placarded in the neighbourhood of Sedan that subscriptions are respectfully solicited in aid of the destitute inhabitants of Bazeilles, the following notice was issued by the Prussian authorities:—"Sedan, Sept. 29, 1870. I have learned that at the Golden Cross and other hotels the subjoined placard has been posted, soliciting subscriptions in favour of the poor of Bazeilles. I see in this act a piece of censure and a false interpretation of the *sentence executed* against that village in virtue of the laws of war. That cannot be tolerated, above all on the part of foreigners, who allow themselves to judge the behaviour of the German troops, and who, moreover, continue still to manufacture arms and munitions against us. Let these catch-pennies (groscheupntzer) do in their own country as they please; I believe that it is our interest to stop these gentlemen and to send them home. Richard Goelch." "The commissary of police will take care that no subscriptions be made in the town without the authority of the commandant of the place. The above documents must be returned immediately with an attestation of the commissary of police, stating that he has taken cognisance of them. The Civil Commissary, Streuge.

The *North German Gazette* says:—"We learn from New York that the United States are sending large quantities of bread to France for the French army, while a short time back a French ship left America for the same destination with arms and ammunition. On the 17th of September a French Steamer, which left New York for Brest and Havre, took 26 rifled cannon, 460,000 cartridges, and several thousand rifles."

PRUSSIAN PRISONERS.

The scene on page 237 is one which has not been often repeated in this war. It represents the arrival at a country railway station of a convoy of Prussian prisoners taken in the battles round Metz which followed soon after the great battle of Woerth. In a French paper dated four or five weeks ago we find these remarks upon the taking of this handful of Prussian soldiers:—"In the bloody encounters of the first days of August, the Prussians, it is well-known, unhappily, made a great number of prisoners who have been interned in various towns in the interior of Germany: but in the combats which followed those reverses we have begun to have our revenge, which very soon, we do not doubt, will be terrible and complete." The hope was vain. The fortune of the war has been all on one side and the French get no revenge. The prisoners in our sketch are described by the French journal as pale and exhausted by an innumerable succession of marches and counter marches, but we are informed that the inhabitants of the French villages where these prisoners were quartered showed great compassion towards them, and distributed among them food and refreshments. By this time, doubtless, those prisoners have been released, through the rapid march of the German armies, and the poor peasants who showed them compassion have had to flee from their homes.

INSIDE STRASBURG.

It is but three or four weeks since we presented an inspiriting martial picture of the massing of garrison troops in the Place Kleber, inside Strasburg. Around the hero's statue were asembled thousands of French and African soldiers, fresh and eager for conflict. The inhabitants gathered round, exhilarated at the spectacle. The grand old Alsatian buildings looked noble and picturesque. Since then the scene has been changed. The people and the soldiers within that fortress have suffered pains and miseries as great as those endured by the Jews during the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans. We ask our readers to recall to their recollection the picture we printed in this paper on the third of September, and to look upon the engraving which covers page 232 this week. That view of shattered and burning houses, ruined streets, and men and women wounded and dying, was sketched in the last days of August, a month before the capitulation. That was before the people had wholly lost heart, and when they swore to permit themselves to be buried in the ruins of their city rather than surrender to the Prussians. The artillery are galloping through the town; the fire engines are in constant requisition, and bits of shell fall and burst in the midst of those who are hastening to the nearest conflagration to put out the flames. The first bombardment commenced between eight and nine o'clock on the evening of the 24th of August. An eye-witness tells us that a shower of bomb-shells fell upon the richest quarters of the city. The costly houses in the centre of Strasburg, the beautiful quarter of the Broglie, were in flames. All in a moment an immense glare illumined the trees of the Broglie; the Protestant Gymnasium was on fire, and one instant later the roof of the Temple-Neuf threw up a bright red mass of flame against the black depths of the heavens. At once the same cry rose from a hundred throats: "The Library is in danger!" That noble and ancient institution was situated between the two buildings we have mentioned. Everybody felt the extremity of the peril. Almost superhuman efforts were made to arrest the flames upon that pile of buildings. Hardly were the fire-engines fixed for work when a perfect hail of projectiles fell upon the burning mass, and upon those gathered round, preventing the pursuit of the saving work: the enemy seemed to be directing all his batteries upon that one point. Towards midnight the last hope was gone, and nearly five hundred citizens were there looking on, quite powerless, even at the risk of their lives, to save a single volume or a single leaf. The Library of Strasburg, as this witness, a Frenchman, says, belonged to the civilised world. Its loss is irreparable. The French cried out loudly against the vandalism of the act, which they declare was done wilfully and without excuse by the Prussians; for within the environs of the city itself there were neither barracks nor fortifications of any kind. Upon that spot, which suffered so severely, on one side stood a Church, on the other a Hospital, and between them a Library. And during that night not a breach was made in the ramparts, not a soldier was wounded, not an attack of any kind was directed to the fortifications. If the Prussians intend to have Strasburg to themselves in the future, and to hold Alsace, they have made an unfortunate beginning. There was much question before whether the people of that district would even be content to remain under German rule; but how will they endure it after this awful and ruinous bombardment, after the slaughter of helpless citizens, after the destruction of the Library of which Strasburg was so proud?

The Place of Refuge, during this hot weather, STEELE'S HAIRCUTTING SALOONS. The Largest and Coolest in the three Kingdoms. Extra Assistants to meet the large demands for Shampooing with eggs, &c. Streams of warm, tepid, and cold water—a delightful operation—a necessity and a luxury. Moderate charges. The largest and best 6d. and 1s. bottle of Pomade in the trade; has had an immense sale for eighteen years. Choice Hair Washes, from 1s. 6d. Lime Cream, from 1s. Genuine and delightfully perfumed Lime Juice and Glycerine, from 1s. to 6s. A very large assortment of Hair, Tooth, Nail, Hat, and Cloth Brushes, by best makers, from 1s. Dressing Combs in *Tortoiseshell, Bone, Ivory, Horn*, and *Vulcanite*, from 6d. A splendid variety of fancy Back Combs, from 1s. to 50s. Large selection of Fans from 6d. to 60s., including the newest shapes and patterns. The largest stock of Toilet Requisites and Fancy Goods in the Midland Counties, selected from the best houses of Paris and London, at **STEELE'S, HAIR CUTTER and ARTIST in HAIR, Opposite the Railway Station, New Street, Birmingham.**

TISSINGTON WELL-DRESSING, DERBYSHIRE, 1870.

Holy Thursday or Ascension Day is a great day at the delightful Derbyshire village of Tissington, three miles from Ashbourne. The entrance to the village is through a fine avenue of trees in the Park belonging to Tissington Hall, the seat of Sir William Fitzherbert, Bart. The Hall is a fine old quaint Elizabethan house, with enclosed garden, and curious gateway. On approaching the village it was evident this was high day, for vehicles of all sorts were hurrying on, containing occupants evidently dressed for a holyday.

Before describing the dressing of the wells and the ceremony observed, it will be well to say a few words on the antiquity of this pretty custom. We gather from a small pamphlet, issued for the occasion, containing the hymns, &c. to be sung, and a short preface, the following: "The origin of the well-dressing at Tissington is generally supposed to be lost in remote antiquity. Tradition, it is certain, has long ceased to hold out any clue to its satisfactory elucidation, and can only refer us doubtfully, though sometimes with extraordinary confidence, to the times and customs of the Saxon, Roman, or aboriginal British." This pamphlet having referred us to "remote antiquity" for the origin of the custom, we will leave that part of the subject to describe how the custom is conducted in the year 1870.

At a quarter to eleven divine service begins in the Norman church, which is partly old and partly restored—the south doorway and font are very interesting examples of that period, and the church is altogether in keeping with the hall and village; it is very crowded, and the village choir put forth their vocal powers with a will. After service a procession is formed, the clergy and choir leading, the parishioners and visitors following after. There are five wells in the village, the water in some cases running for some distance on one side of the road from the well. Their names and the order in which they were visited was as follows:—

The Hall Well	Psalm	viii	Designed by W. Smith.
Hand's Well ...	,,	xv	,, ,,
The Coffin Well	,,	xxi	,, L. Smith and R. Alsop.
The Town Well	The Epistle		,, Thomas Hardy.
Goodwin's Well	The Gospel		,, — Wain.

One description will suffice. The procession having arrived at the Hall Well, the vicar read Psalm viii, then an appropriate hymn was sung by the choir, and it was a pretty and pleasing sight to see the villagers, from the baronet and squire to the cottager, raising up a song of praise "to the God from whom all blessings flow." The hymn being ended, the procession moved on to each well in succesion.

Before describing the design, for we shall only have space to describe one, the Town Well—it will be best to say a few words as to the method followed "in dressing" from time immemorial at this *fête*. The design having been roughly marked out on paper, a board is cut to the desired shape, on which is spread evenly a layer of moist clay. The paper is then laid on the clay and the design marked through the paper on to the clay; after the paper is removed the various flowers or leaves are slightly pressed into the clay, care being taken not to trespass beyond the line of the design with the particular colour then in use. For background the flower of the sycamore tree, or the flower of the rhubarb plant is mostly used. It gives a delicate pale green ground; for scarlet, the leaves of the geranium flowers; for lines and lettering, pink, white, and blood-red garden daisies are used—to represent brickwork, dark moss with pale daisies for the mortar lines—and other flowers or leaves are used according to the colours required. The style of decoration lasts some days, the moisture in the clay serving to keep the flowers, &c., alive.

The design for the Hall Well was by the veteran "well-dresser" Mr. Hardy, of the "Dog and Partridge," a roadside inn, well known to visitors to Dovedale. It was of the gothic order. The arrangement of colour was very good, and at first sight reminded us of Salviati and Co.'s mosaic work. The total height would be about thirteen feet. In the centre was the figure of our Saviour, as a shepherd, with a lamb across his shoulders, and a cross in hand; the drapery was managed with remarkable skill; on either side were pilasters, slightly advanced, on which was a very rich cruciform design, supporting an arch, on which was the text, "I am the Good Shepherd," worked in red daisies, with white and dark daisies for shadows. The accuracy of form of these letters was something remarkable. The arch was surmounted by the monogram IHS. The water flowed from under an imitation archway of brick-work. Altogether this was a real work of art and it is to be regretted that it is in no more durable a material "than the flowers that perish."

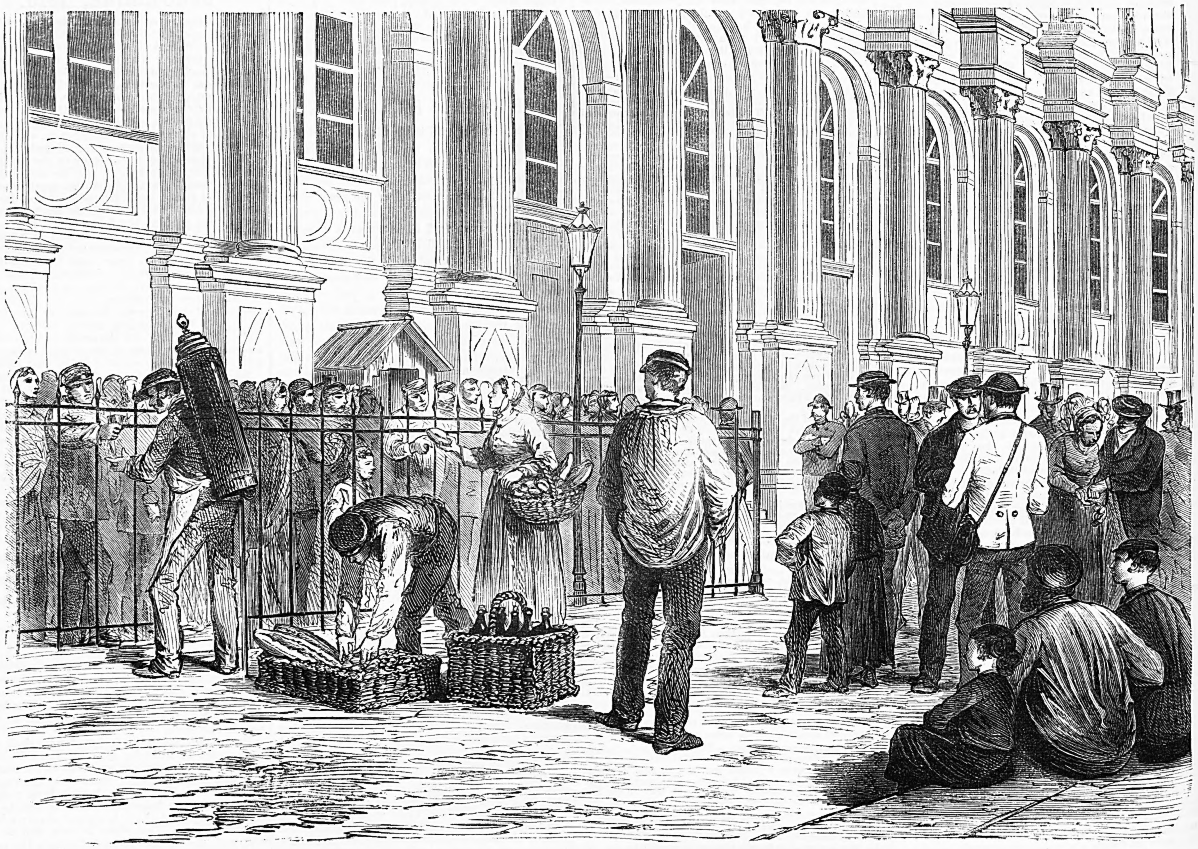
We observed that many of the texts used at the other wells were more appropriate for Eastertide than for Ascension Day. All the wells were very pretty, but much simpler in design, and the workers deserve great praise for their unpaid labours. We trust this pleasing ceremony will long continue to be practised and be conducted in the pure and orderly manner in which it was in the year 1870.

IMPORTANT.—14, Carr's Lane, Birmingham. Established 1861, for the sale of Pure Tea. Connoisseurs pronounce the Tea sold at this Warehouse superior to any that can be obtained elsewhere. Twenty-five per cent saved in value. [24

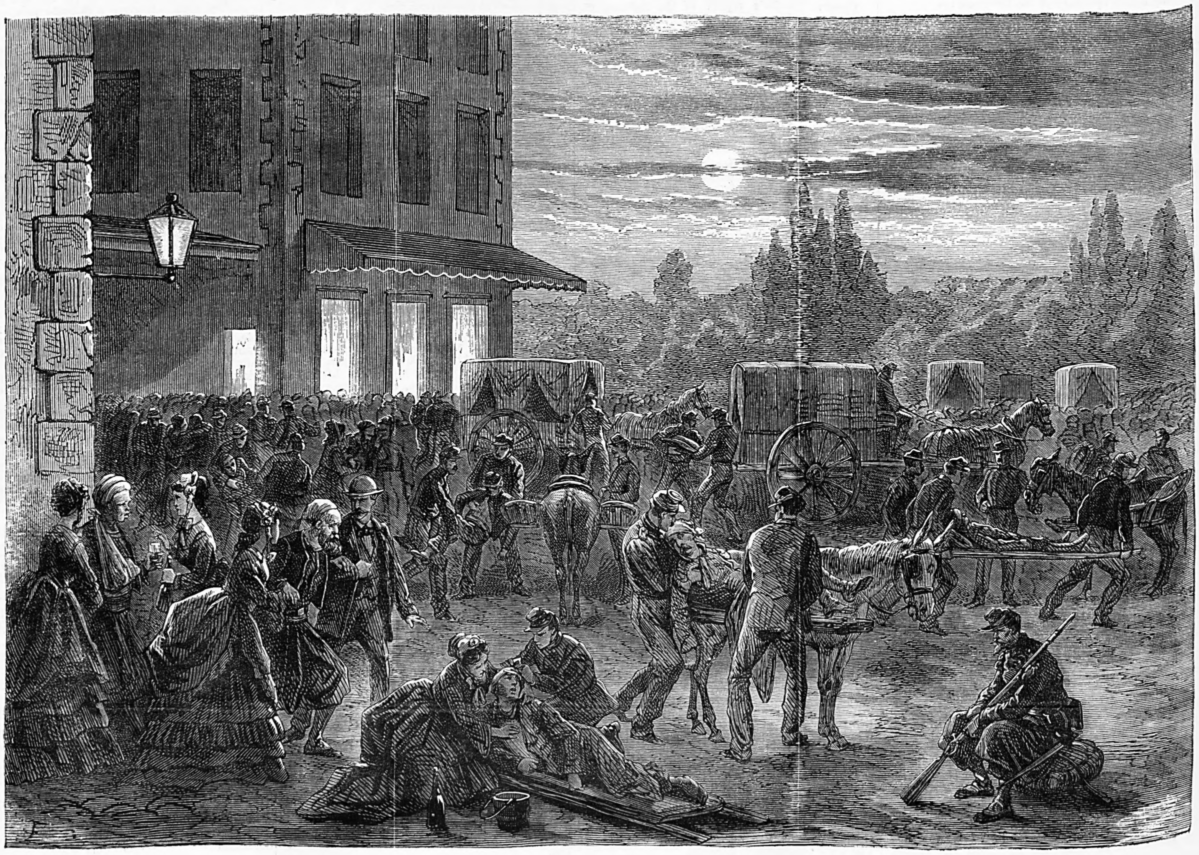
WAR MAPS.—One of the best War Maps published, is that presented through the medium of the Grocers, by the manufacturers of the Glenfield Starch, to all purchasers of that article. Grocers may have them by applying direct. [710

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately: it is perfectly harmless: it produces natural quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes.—Sold by all medicine vendors at 1s. 1½d. per bottle. [694

HOLLOWAYS PILLS.—This purifying and regulating medicine should occasionally be had recourse to during foggy, cold, and wet weather. It is the best preventive of hoarseness, sore throat, diptheria, pleurisy, and asthma, and a sure remedy for congestion, bronchitis, and inflammation. Attention to the directions folded round each box will enable invalids to take the Pills in the most advantageous manner; they will be taught the proper doses, and the circumstances under which they must be increased or diminished. Holloway's Pills act as alteratives, aperients, and tonics. When taken as a last resource, the result has always been gratifying; even when they fail to cure they always assuage the severity of the symptoms and diminish the danger. [42



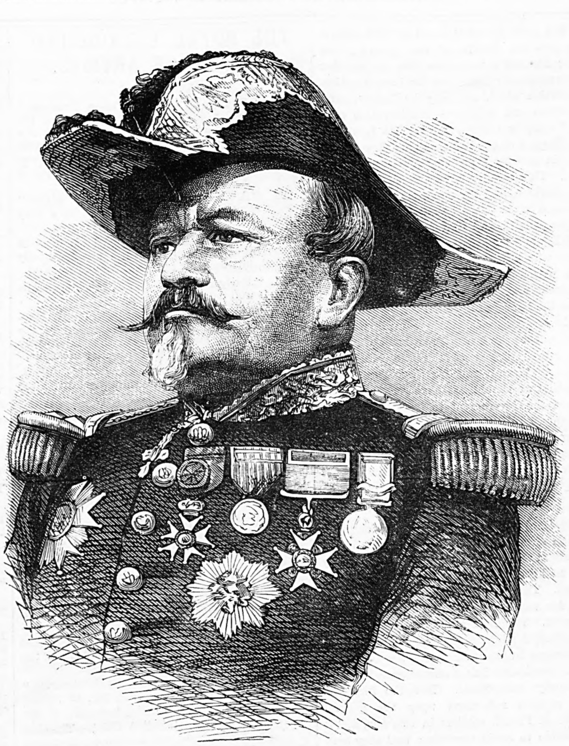
INVESTING IN THE FRENCH NATIONAL LOAN.



CONVEYING FRENCH WOUNDED INTO METZ.

GENERAL UHRICH.

The grand old officer whose portrait appears on this page is the best French hero of this campaign. He is the author of an epigram which will be historic. It was he who said: "*Si Strasbourg est attaqué, Strasbourg se défendra tant qu'il restera un soldat, un biscuit, une cartouch.*" If Strasburg is attacked Strasburg will defend herself so long as there remains a soldier, a biscuit, a cartridge. He has been true to his promise, almost to the letter. Strasburg held out as long as it was morally possible. To have resisted longer would have been a costly and useless sacrifice. There is an old Crimean anecdote of Uhrich worth telling. One day the *aide-de-camp* of Pélissier read to his chief the report of a Russian attack which had been repulsed, but the event revealed the fact that there was a weak point in the French defences; upon which Pélissier observed: "Yes, the point is weak, but I was not concerned about it, for Uhrich was there to defend it." General Uhrich is "a child of Alsace." He was born at Phalsburg on the 15th of February, 1802. He left the military school of St. Cyr in 1820 with the grade of a Sub-lieutenant. In 1824 he was a Lieutenant; in 1831 a Captain; in 1841 a Chief of Battalion of the 3rd Regiment of the Line; a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1848; General of Brigade in 1852; and General of Division in 1855. He made the campaign of the Crimea, and has since commanded at Paris a division of infantry which was included in the 5th corps of the army of Italy. General Uhrich was made grand officer of the Legion of Honour on the 2nd of August, 1862. Having been since then admitted to the Squadron of Reserve, he was called upon at the outbreak of this war to take charge of the fortress of Strasburg. Besides his campaign in the Crimea he has seen much active service in Spain and in Algiers. It is acknowledged on all sides that he defended Strasburg with rare ability and heroism, and that there was nothing left for him but to raise the white flag when he capitulated on the 27th of September. He is now in the south of France on his parole of honour. He has been very handsomely received by his fellow countrymen.



GENERAL UHRICH.

AUGUST 16 AT COURCELLES.

The scene below is the railway station at Courcelles on the morning of the 16th of August. It is in the immediate neighbourhood of the German bivouac where the men rested after the battle at Pange,—an important Prussian victory achieved on the 14th. The sun that rose on the bivouac near Courcelles station on the morning when this sketch was taken shone that day on the terrible conflicts of Mars-la-Tour and Vionville. When particulars of the battles of August come to be told more in detail it will probably be found that the struggles in which the army of Marshal Bazaine was engaged, in his desperate efforts to escape from Metz and join the forces of MacMahon, were among the sharpest and most bravely fought in this campaign. The German soldiers seen moving in the early morning of the 16th of August round Courcelles were in the midst of heavy work, for a great battle was fought with Bazaine's troops almost every day that week.

THE FRENCH LOAN.

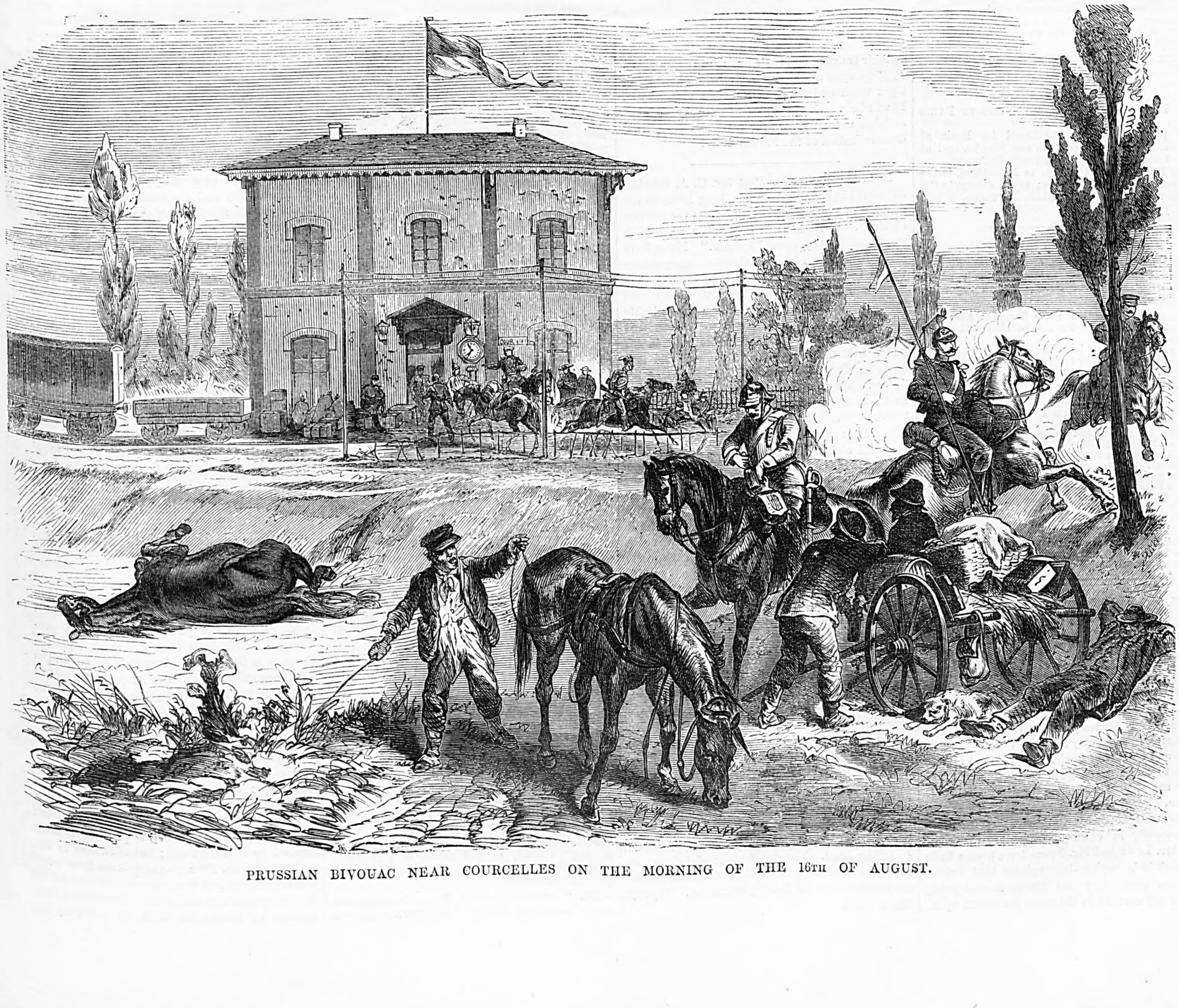
The building represented on the upper half of the opposite page is the Hotel de Ville, at Paris. The people crowded within the gates are Frenchmen and Frenchwomen anxious to subscribe to the National Loan. After the first reverses suffered by the Army of the Rhine money was wanted, and an appeal was made to the people of France to invest their savings. The amount required was about £30,000,000, and so much, and more, was very quickly subscribed. It is curious that the French, gay and fond of pleasure as they are, should be a very frugal and provident people. They have a stronger tendency to save than any other nation, but there is an old habit among them of keeping their savings in some secret nook in their houses instead of investing it. Napoleon III. succeeded, on more than one occasion, in inducing them to bring forth their hoards and place them in the National Treasury at good interest. The exigencies of the War created quite an enthusiasm for becoming national creditors. In two days about £32,000,000 was subscribed, and the doors had to be closed. That was in the days of the Empire, which, spite of disaster, the people had confidence in. Since then further demands have been made upon the patriotism of small capitalists, and the security offered has been less satisfactory.

FRENCH WOUNDED AT METZ.

The second picture on the opposite page pourtrays the scene of the transport of French wounded into the city of Metz after the battle of Borny. The inhabitants of Metz came forth in large numbers, women and men, to assist in the humane work. All sorts of vehicles were brought into requisition for conveying the suffering soldiers from the field of battle to the hospitals in the city. The first convoy of wounded arrived at the gates of Metz at nine o'clock on the evening of the 14th of August, and they continued all night to be brought in. It is, therefore, a night-scene that our artist has sketched. It was, says a spectator, a painful and touching spectacle which those brave soldiers presented, pale and bleeding, hastily laid out on mattresses or straw. They were treated with great kindness and humanity by the inhabitants of Metz, but the state of the city, under close siege, has been ill-adapted for restoring sick and wounded soldiers to health.

Prince Poniatowski, the accomplished amateur composer and singer, is among the victims of the late events in Paris, and is now in London. The Prince is reduced to the necessity of earning a livelihood by giving instructions in singing.—*Orchestra.*

Tit for Tat.—When Northcote asked Fuseli what he thought of his picture of Balaam and his ass, stopped in the way by an angel, the latter replied, "You are an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel." Shortly afterwards Northcote had his innings. Fuseli asked him what he thought of his "Hercules drawing his arrow at Pluto." Northcote answered, "Oh, clever, vastly clever; but he'll never hit him."



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NOTICES.

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The A B C of Ornamental Design will be resumed in our issue of October 15, and continued from that date, we hope, without interruption.

The Illustrated Midland News
BIRMINGHAM, OCT. 8, 1870.

Many of our contemporaries are blaming Her Majesty's Government for not interfering in some way between the combatants inside and outside of Paris. They do not appear to us to make out a good case. They do not even suggest what form the mediation is to take. Some of our Ministers have, no doubt, laid themselves open to criticism for what they have said recently in extra-parliamentary speeches. Both Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bruce have been a little too frank in betraying their opinion that France is in the wrong and that Prussia is not going beyond her warrant in the terms she insists upon.

There is a great deal to be said on both sides if we go into the merits of the quarrel; and whether Bismark's terms are fair, or whether they are needlessly hard upon the French nation, is a question which can only be decided after very serious and deliberate consideration of a mass of complex circumstances. Mr. Lowe was almost flippant on the point, and Mr. Bruce over-candid in revealing an apparently superficial opinion. This country is very much divided on these questions, and the apparent revelation of a conviction in the Cabinet that France is suffering a just penalty, and that she ought to accept King William's conditions, creates in the minds of those who have a strong sympathy with the French nation a suspicion that the English Government may be in some way or other playing into the hands of Prussia. We are not disposed to suspect the absolute neutrality of the Cabinet, but we think a mistake has been made in the over-frankness of the late Ministerial utterances. Were it not for these speeches it may be that we should not have seen a pressure put upon the Government to interfere with the combatants. That pressure seems to us to be mere irreflective talk. Looking at the position all round it is hardly possible to imagine what Lord Granville could do at this moment to assist in bringing the belligerents to terms of peace.

It is painful to read the accounts which reach us of the spirit of the French soldiers relieved from duty at the capitulation of Strasburg. They appear to have been utterly demoralized during the siege. Their conduct in the face of the victorious foe was wholly destitute of dignity or self respect. The fact might not be worthy of much notice, it might be explained by accidental circumstances in connection with the bombardment, if these indications of character and temper were purely exceptional. But the incidents related suggest reflections upon the general character of French soldiers in this war, and it is impossible to avoid observing that they have betrayed many serious defects, in various positions, from the commencement of the campaign. They have in numerous cases acted with great bravery and brilliancy, but in many respects they have betrayed grievous shortcomings. Scarcely by any chance do they achieve a success in the field. There is very little steadiness in them. At Sedan General Wimpffen appealed to 80,000 men to make a last desperate effort to cut through the Prussian lines, and not more than 2,000 were induced to follow him. In Paris the men do not, from many hints we get, appear to be animated with a good serviceable spirit of persistent resolution. There must have been something wrong in their training and their habits in recent years. Millions upon millions of money have been spent upon them and they have belied expectation. It will be worth the while of military men by-and-bye to inquire into the causes of the partial demoralization of the French army.

It is worthy of note that Mr. G. A. Sala has succeeded in communicating a long letter to the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* from the interior of Paris. It bears date September 25, and is superscribed "by special courier." Notes have arrived from the *Pall Mall Gazette* correspondent within the walls, by balloon express, but they have been very brief, and the writer has stated that only very short scraps, written on the lightest possible paper, are allowed to be sent that way. But Mr. Sala's letter occupies two columns and a half of Wednesday's *Telegraph*, and it is quite as discursive as the ordinary run of his letters. We do not speak of that as a fault, for that very discursiveness enables him so much the better to pourtray the real character of the situation. It is an admirable letter, and we hope the "special courier," whatever form he takes, has not made his last journey.

The Temporal Power in Rome is effectually abolished. The choice between the rule of Pio Nono and Victor Emmanuel was put to the vote of universal suffrage last Sunday, and the whole mass of the population declared for union with Italy. Only a few eccentric individuals recorded their votes for the continuation of spiritual sovereignty. The rule of eleven hundred years has expired as it were spontaneously at last, and we have seen the end of ecclesiastical government in Europe.

An accident occured on Tuesday night to a train conveying soldiers, near Critot, on the Amien and Rouen Railway: 15 persons were killed, 15 mortally injured, and a 100 others injured more or less seriously.

Advices from Tien-tsin state that the French ultimatum had expired, and that the demands of Count de Rochehouart had not been complied with. The Chinese are buying and rapidly manufacturing arms. The assembling of Chinese in the north continues. In the meantime instructions are awaited from the home government. Viceroy Ma is dead.

THE ROYAL BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

[Sixth Notice.]

201. "Church Discipline—Doing Penance." John Ritchie.—It is, without doubt, one of the cleverest pictures in the exhibition. There is a fine expression in every face, and every figure is a study. The drapery about the unlucky one doing penance is admirable, and the cripple is excellently done.

202. "A Hazy Morning, North Wales." George Hastings.—Scarcely the effect of a hazy morning.

203. "Near Coleshill." Alfred Baker.—A bright bit of work. The cows are truthfully painted, but we can't tell what they are eating.

204. "Early Lessons." W. J. Muckley.—The figure is well painted in parts.

205. "Evening, Herefordshire." H. B. Hargrove. The tree and bit of foreground display talent, but they stand in a light that is scarcely consistent with sunset. It is peculiar in colour.

206. "Polperro Harbour, Cornwall." W. J. Griffiths.—The distance, we think, is a little too hard.

207. "Mr. A. J. Sutton." H. T. Manns.—A capital portrait.

208. "Hampton Court." J. D. Wingfield.—It is a picture something like the same artist's "Round the Fountain" though not quite so bad. In colour it is not unlike the common German pictures that one sees occasionally at a wayside inn.

"Trout Stream, North Wales." J. Horlor.—Attractive and pretty. The price (£3 3s.) set upon this picture in the catalogue is, we think, too small.

210. "Sutton, from Hollies Wood." Walter Reeves.—A capital picture.

211. "Bellano, Spain." M. Alison.—A careful and creditable performance.

212. "Evening." Henry Chaplain.—We cannot see that the sky gives the proper effect to the landscape.

213. "The Last of the Spanish Armada." C. E. Johnson.—A bold picture, full of vigour, and displaying great skill.

214. "Sunset after Rain." A. Clint.—The glow of sunset and the light and shadow on the clouds are beautifully depicted.

215. "Morning, on the East Lyn." W. J. Griffiths. Hard and monotonous in colour.

216. "Portrait of Mr. T. Anderton." W. F. Roden, jun.—A well-painted portrait.

217. "The Carrier Refreshing." A. M. Rossi.—It looks too much like a set scene at a theatre. The wall and the many objects in the room are too exact. The jug and glass on the table, and the carrier are cleverly painted.

218. "An Autumn Evening." W. Luker.—The distance is bad in colour. The cows are well grouped and painted.

219. "The Dee, near Llangollen." S. H. Baker.—A pretty picture.

220. "The First from 'him,'" Mrs. E. King.—Judging from the girl's face, she cares as little for "him" as we do for her. The painting is good, but the girl's face is not at all consistent with reading a first love letter.

221. "Lane Scene, Surrey." J. Tennant.—The shadows through the trees are very well caught.

222. "Puzzled." A. Fitzpatrick.—This is certainly puzzling. We can't say whether the face represented is that of a child or a young woman.

223. "Landscape." George Cole.—The water lacks transparency.

224. "Flirtation." A. Ludovici.—The colour is wretchedly bad. The idea is not carried out. The men supposed to be flirting with two insane-looking objects in the shape of women, have faces as cold as statues.

225. "Pandy Oak, near Bettws-y-Coed." Very much like an enamelled painting.

226. "Juliet and Friar Lawrence." T. Roberts.—The face, figure and drapery of the Juliet are well painted. She makes a pleasing picture, but there is not enough life and dramatic force in the expression on her features. She gets more and more fixed as you look at her. There is also good drawing and good intention but not enough vitality of expression in the old friar's face.

227. "After Sunset, Coniston." Pettit.—The haze on the lower ground of the semi-distant moor is very clever, and the hard lines of the mountain tops are true to that sort of landscape. The features of the foreground are perhaps too minute, and the scene wants interest.

228. "The White Cockade—a Royalist Relic of 1794." John Michie.—This is a very good dramatic scene, full of well-managed detail. The faces are successful studies, and the light and shade are pleasing. The picture, set down at fifty guineas, is marked "sold."

229. "Near Capel Curig." John Syer.—The sky and water well painted. It is a striking picture at a long range, but it wants finish; the trees are not what they ought to be, and £100 is too high a price for it.

230. "'Catch!'" G. E. Hicks.—This is a sweet domestic scene. The life and happy glee on the babe's face as it holds up its pinafore to catch the ball are excellent, and the mother's figure and pose are very easy and natural. It bears inspection.

231. "The Rendezvous." J. M. Bowkett.—Agreeable, but rather conventional.

232. "A Lock on the Trent." George Turner.—The distance is nice, but the picture on the whole is a little too gay and meretricious.

233. "By-gones." T. Davidson.—The artist knows something of human nature. He gives us a good study of the effects of antecedent sorrow on a fair face, and does not overdo the existing expression.

234. "Sunset—Lingwell Tarn, loooking towards Langdale Pikes." Charles Pettitt.—A little monotonous, and some of the lines are too hard, but there is good work in the picture, which comes out on inspection. The bit of rising rock to the left is very natural.

235 "On the Lledr—Evening." F. Muschamp.—Rather flat.

236. "'Where the Rushes like to Grow.'" George Hastings.—A very good and consistent representation. but it wants depth and artistic feeling.

237. "Chicks." J. C. Waite.—The faces are very moderate and the picture is, taken altogether, rather poor and careless.

238. "Portlemount Church, Devon." W. Pitt.—The Church is well modelled, and there is a true Devon aspect in the scene, but the landscape is rather slurred over.

239. "Punch and Judy." Miss L. Swift.—A tolerably good pair of dogs, marked "sold," at ten guineas,

240. "Barr Beacon." W. T. Roden.—Rather wanting in vigour.

241.—"Cupid's Ambassador." W. Gale.—An excellent picture. Note the variety and individuality of expressson on the faces. The girl is very cleverly done, and there is dexterity in the manipulation of the anxious and modest figure outside the window.

242. "Head of a Hermit." Helen M. Johnson.—The head is a very successful study.

243. "The Drunkard's Cloak." J. E. Sodon. A pretty good old English scene in Newcastle. The figures are very well executed.

244. "Portrait of Mr. E. A. Sothern." W. F. Roden, Jun. A successful likeness, but the picture wants more freshness and the expression more generous treatment.

245. "Enoch Arden." J. G. Naish.—A very fine sea-piece.

246. "Columbus." H. T. Munns.—Vigorous, but a little hard.

247. "A Mill near Bromsgrove." H. H. Lines.—There is knowledge of art, cleverness, and a certain finish in the picture, but it needs a little more artistic feeling.

248. "Blowing Fresh." E. Hayes, R.H.A.—A beautiful sea scene. The shrimp boat has all the life of the breeze in it.

249. "Near Stratford-on-Avon." Alfred Baker.—A very good river landscape. The water is well managed and the cows are natural. Marked "sold" at £10.

250. "On the Thames above Henley." J. Tennant.—A clever painting.

LITERATURE.

THE OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

Whatever may be the reader's opinion of the merits of the quarrel between France and Prussia, it is impossible not to sympathise with the earnest, indignant protest of the writer of the paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, entitled "The Sick Lion," against the treatment Louis Napoleon has met with at the hands of English and French critics since the event of the First of September. Many English men of letters enjoyed personal intercourse with the ex-Emperor in Paris, and our author appears to be one of them. He speaks as one having an intimate knowledge of the character of the great man who so recently swayed the fortunes of the empire, and his words carry with them much force in refutation of the charges preferred by the great man's detractors. The paper is still more valuable as an honest exposition of the weakness, the vanity, the inconsistency and the absurdity of political opinion in France. Speaking of the conduct of the French people towards the ex-Emperor he says:—

> Everything at hand is a fair weapon when our neighbours have a government, a dynasty, or a favourite of whom they are tired to overthrow. Let us remember how they treated poor Lamartine—how, indeed, they have always treated those whom they have exalted; for it is in this study we shall light upon the key to their history since the first Revolution. They are fond of flowers, and they are the first to cast them out of the window when the earliest faint brown line appears upon the edge of the petals. They carry their intellectual men high, and we applaud them as they do homage to genius; but while one faction is hitching the statue upon the pedestal on the north, the opposite faction is adjusting the scaffolding to haul it down on the south. We take twenty years to forget a public servant, and they two journeys of the hand round the clock. At this very moment they are paying the penalty of this radical defect in the national character. One of the reasons which England gives for not venturing far in peace negotiations is this national fickleness, of which Napoleon is the last victim. It is difficult to treat with a Government that may not last till the return of the post.

Turning away from war subjects we light upon an article good enough in style, in spirit, and in interest, to be read at any season, however much in other ways the public mind may be preoccupied. We have here the third and the cleverest of Mr. Charles Pebody's papers on the Edinburgh Reviewers. The subject this month is Macaulay. It is a tempting theme, and the writer has risen to the height of it, doing better and fuller justice to the man, setting him more faithfully before the reader than any essayist has done since the great historian died. We may take exception to a sentence or an epithet here and there: as when Macaulay's literary work is spoken of as too artistic and cold, and when it is stated that the brilliant contributor to the *Edinburgh Reviewer* carried off the highest honours by his style alone; but elsewhere in the same article Mr. Pebody makes amends by a full acknowledgment of the impassioned fervour of Macaulay's diction, and of the unrivalled critical acumen by which, we think, as much by his sparkling style, he won the honours which he enjoyed. Passing by this admirable essay to the other matter in the number, we find we have left ourselves hardly any space for bare mention of several excellent papers. Sportsmen and country gentlemen will find themselves abundantly catered for in "Quail Shooting in the Beauce;" "The Arab Horse;" "Swimming for the Million;" and "Salmon Culture in Scotland." All these subjects are treated with freshness and ability. Mr. Hatton's Reminiscences of Mark Lemon: "With a Show in the North," are drawing to a close.

Macmillan's Magazine is full of very sound and substantial matter. The author of "Are we Ready" exaggerates, we think, the danger to which Great Britain and other nations, not very strong in military power, are subjected. This war is an evil monstrous enough in itself; but it would be tenfold more mischievous in its results if it induced all the great powers in Europe, and the little ones as well, to imitate Prussia in her very efficient, but frightfully costly, and in many respects highly injurious military system. Prussia is allowed to punish France because France has done so much to bring the infliction upon herself; but Prussia would not be permitted to commit barefaced acts of injustice and domination on unoffending countries beyond the limits of German-speaking populations. If she attempted to pursue such a course she could be stopped, although Europe had not adopted the system of making every man a soldier. We jump over the 16th, 17th, and 18th chapters, which we have not yet read, of Mr. Trollope's novel: "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," to notice, perforce very briefly, a really charming essay by Mr. Stopford A. Brooke on "Ruskin's Lectures on Art." With a tender regard for the great writer on whose work he discourses, Mr. Brooke acknowledges Mr. Ruskin's curious mistakes in matters of political economy, and points out what he considers to be his errors on art subjects, while he does all possible justice to the great man, and does it in appreciative and loving terms. An interesting little paper follows—doubly interesting at this moment—on "Belgium in 1848 and 1870" by a Belgian subject. In Professor Seeley's third lecture on "The English Revolution of the Nineteenth Century," good service is done in pointing out the partiality and one-sidedness of English public opinion in matters of reform and progress.

Belgravia is thoroughly literary. It meddles not with politics. It handles no abstruse subjects. It does not discuss the war. It is full of fiction and *belles lettres*. The only recognition of the great occurrences of the time is a poem on "War" by Minnie Van Bothmer, who looks upon the horrors of the field, and refuses to see any compensation for those horrors in the glory and great deeds in which mankind try to find consolation:—

No patriotic fervour wipes out that crimson stain,
No thought of gallant actions makes beautiful that plain,
No prayer will bring to life again the halocaust of slain!

The "Loves of Famous Men" is very carelessly written by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, but he has got together a mass of interesting facts. The fifth paper is on Burns, who appears in a very unfavourable light in Mr. Fitzgerald's pages. There he is only an inconstant, heartless fellow and a sot. What will our north country friends say to this critic for his hard treatment of their idol? The loves of famous men of letters form, indeed, a rather terrible story. But there is a way of treating the subject, not too favourable to those lovers, and yet more sympathetic and appreciative than that adopted by Mr. Fitzgerald. He talks of Burns simply as "one who indulged in coarse and shallow jest at the common principles of religion—who indulged in that cheapest and easiest forms of humour, burlesquing the Scriptures; a man who, as he walked through life, left his path strewn with abandoned maids and the unlucky burdens, results of that folly; a man who was a drunkard, and whose chief enjoyment was found in debauchery; who revelled in pot-house joviality," &c. Is there no champion to come forth and break a lance with Mr. Fitzgerald in defence of the author of "Tam O' Shanter?" A more genial, a better written and altogether more pleasing essay is that by Mr. Mortimer Collins on "Praed's Country." It is very pretty, and reminds one of the little bits of revelling in poetry in which the magazine readers of nearly half a century ago were indulged by Christopher North. There is in this number a short paper by Mr. Sala on "Young Ladies' Schools," and Miss Braddon contributes large instalments of her own prolific and popular story-telling.

In *Cassell's Magazine* Mr. Bedingfield continues to publish his "Recollections of Thackeray," which we accept in a spirit somewhat similar to that in which we welcome Mr. Boswell's memoranda about Johnson, but with this difference, that Mr. Bedingfield does not understand his subject so well as did Mr. Boswell, and is not so modest in his discourse. It is quite clear from these Recollections that Thackeray had a very mean opinion of his cousin's intellectual powers, and was in the habit of quizzing him and laughing at him good naturedly—of which Mr. Bedingfield had no suspicion. We are thankful to this gentleman for his reminiscences, but his estimate of the character and quality of the great author's mind is vapid and worthless. The subject is altogether beyond him. There is a great deal of matter in *Cassell's Magazine* besides the Recollections. The number is full of clever and interesting essays, poems, and stories, while at the end of the monthly part, in the form of a supplement, is a good biographical sketch of Napoleon III., illustrated. Messrs. Cassell send four other publications this month. The *Popular Educator* continues to furnish everything that is necessary to make men learned without the aid of a master. To show what progress it is making we may say that here is the twenty-third lesson in Spanish, which was one of the later subjects. Professor Thorold Rogers is doing the Political Economy. The twenty-third lesson in English Literature is on Addison and the Essayists. The publishers declare that nearly three-quarters of a million copies of the Educator have been sold, and they now announce a "technical series," which will be very useful in these days. *Cassell's Household Guide* will cut the ground from under the feet of a good many domestic books. To its gardening, its cookery, its toilet business, its amusements, its domestic medicine, &c., is added this month the first of a series of lessons on "Home made Wines." This month's is the 11th number of *Cassell's Book of Birds*, with a splendid coloured engraving of the Angola Vulture for a frontispiece. We are now all among birds of prey. The *Quiver* continues to supply wholesome and excellent light reading for the "serious" family, nicely illustrated.

Smiles and Styles is a "New Winter Magazine," got up on a principle about which there has been a good deal of discussion. The work is issued by Messrs. A. Lynes and Sons, clothiers and outfitters, of Shoreditch, and hence the curious comments with which it has been hailed. To the general reader, however, not troubled with qualms on the subject of literary etiquette, this is nothing more nor less than a magazine of lively, sparkling, witty tales and sketches, with a good many advertisements at the beginning and end like any other prosperous periodical—but the advertisements in this case all relate to one firm: that of Messrs. Lynes and Sons of Shoreditch; and the commercial portion of the work is recognised in the title, for the stories are the *Smiles* and the advertisements are the *Styles*. The fiction is by Matt Morgan, Albert de Vere, Paul Bedford, jun., Linnæus Banks, Bracebridge Hemyng, Arthur Lynes, Larselles, Marston, and Philip Richards. The illustrations are by Matt Morgan, Mariè Duval, and J. Buckley. Let the critics—in spite of literary etiquette—be honest and acknowledge that these "smiles" are excellent in their way. They are a lively, merry lot of tales, good enough to make the fortune of an ordinary Christmas number, while the engravings are clever and amusing. As to the "styles," we are not competent to pass an opinion on them. We can only say that the large sheet of rather good-looking fellows, in every variety of Winter attire, appear to us to be remarkably well dressed.

The *Victoria Magazine* lies next. It looks very prosperous. Miss Emily Faithfull has persevered for very many years with her periodical, and in her mission to get better terms for women in society, and she is living to reap a considerable amount of success, thanks to her moderation and her power of living down misrepresentation. The *Victoria* is the organ of the women's cause, and it does its work well. This month's number finishes the 15th volume. It contains a good paper on the Liverpool Congress of the British Association.

Our Own Fireside gets more distinctly religious in tone. Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Women of England," contributes the leading tale, "Westwood Green." "Hymns on the Waters" is an interesting article brightened with numerous examples of hymns having reference to the sea. The Rev. Hobart Seymour gives a good summary of "The Story of the Inquisition."

Fatal Carriage Accident at Leominster.—A sad accident is reported from Leominster. On Monday night, two of the daughters of the Rev. Joseph Edwards, Rector of Croft, near Leominster, drove to the Eye Station on the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railway, to meet some lady visitors who were expected to arrive at Eye by the 6. 31 train from Shrewsbury. The ladies arrived at the time anticipated, and having taken their seats in the carriage, immediately drove for Croft rectory. On leaving Eye Station their route lay through Luston, a small village, about a mile from the station. Miss Edwards was driving, and from some cause, as yet unexplained, the carriage came in contact with the bank, pitching the carriage over and upsetting every one. It was then discovered that one of the two ladies who had only a few minutes prevously got into the carriage had broken her neck and was quite dead. The younger Miss Edwards had also suffered concussion of the brain and had broken her collar bone. No hope whatever is entertained that this lady will recover, as she is alarmingly injured. The lamentable event has cast a gloom over the whole neighbourhood, and much sympathy is felt for the reverend gentleman in his sad affliction. Drs. Hyde and Boyce, of Leominster, were on the spot as soon as possible, and were unremitting in their attention to the unfortunate ladies.

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

Birmingham Society of Artists. — On Wednesday evening, in the principal picture gallery, Mr. Henry Weeks, R.A., delivered a very interesting introductory lecture on Sculpture, the first of a series of four.

The Hinkley Knitting Machine. — We recently gave a picture and full description of this admirable little invention, which works very much like a sewing machine, enabling the housewife to make stockings, guernseys, comforters, shawls, hoods, scarfs, mittens, braces, &c, and which excited so much interest on the Oxford show-ground at the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society. This clever contrivance is now on view at Knapp's Hotel, and may also be seen in operation every day at Messrs. Scofield and Jordan's, 16, Bull-street.

Amusements in the Midlands.—Miss Batemad had crowded houses at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, from the first night of her appearance to the last. Her benefit took place yesterday (Friday). Mr. John Clarke the celebrated comedian of the Strand Theatre is the next star engaged.—At the Prince of Wales, Theatre, Birmingham, Little Em'ly has been a great success. To-night (Saturday) the first act of the play will be given, and the "Ticket of Leave Man." Monday will be the first night there of a great equestrian performance and the appearance of Miss Edith Sandford's celebrated horse "Etna."—Barry Sullivan entered upon an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, on Monday.

Staffordshire Yeomanry Cavalry.—The annual meeting of the Queen's Own Royal Regiment of Staffordshire Yeomanry, for eight days' permanent duty and training has taken place during the past week, at Lichfield, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Bagot. The regiment assembled on Wednesday, the various troops from the different parts of the county being met by the regimental band as they entered the city, and preceeded them to the parade ground. The muster has not been quite so numerous as we have seen it in previous years, the total number on parade including officers, being 610. The force, however, with few exceptions, is excellently mounted, the horses are in a first-rate condition. and the men, generally speaking, turn out in a manner that is highly creditable.

Worcestershire County Rifle Association.—On Monday afternoon the annual distribution of prizes to the successful shooters at Hartlebury took place at the Shirehall, Worcester, in the presence of a number of ladies and gentlemen of the city and neighbourhood. Lord Lyttelton, Lord-lieutenant of the county, in his address to the Volunteers, remarked that although the competitors had laboured under the disadvantage of high winds at the time they were shooting, the result was fully as good as on former occasions. The number of men had steadily increased from 682 in the year 1866, to 940 in the present year; and the pecuniary progress and attendance of the Volunteer force was quite as satisfactory. His Lordship spoke of the great importance, especially at the present time, of each branch of the local forces; and remarked that, officially, he was not aware of any change in their organization that was contemplated by Government.

The Nawab Nazim.—It was not until Friday the 30th ult., that his Highness the Nawab Nazim of Bengal and party left Birmingham for Manchester. On Thursday they visited the Black Country, leaving the Great Western Hotel in three open carriages at eleven o'clock, and proceeding by way of Hockley, Handsworth, and West Bromwich to Wednesbury, &c. During the day they went over all the most important and interesting of the manufactories of that district, and returned to Birmingham from Dudley by rail at night. Before leaving the Great Western Hotel, the Nawab expressed personally to Mr. Hall his satisfaction with the arrangements of the hotel, and placed on record in Mr. Hall's diary the following note.—"It affords me much pleasure in stating that the arrangements made for the accommodation of myself, the Prince Ali Kudr, and Soliman Kudr, and of my friends and suite, during my stay in this town, have been excellent and all that could be desired.—Syud Munsoo Ullee."

Alleged Attempted Murder on the Midland Railway. — A correspondent sends the following particulars of an encounter with a thief in a railway carriage near Leicester, to the *Nottingham Journal*. On Saturday night, a gentleman named De Villers, from Brussels, was travelling from Peterborough to Leicester on the Midland line, alone in a second-class compartment. About three stations from Leicester a man entered the compartment—a man whom M. De Villers describes as an ill-looking fellow, dark, and roguish in aspect. A few words of conversation passed, sufficient to show that Mr. De V. was a foreigner, and having on a massive gold chain and watch, bade fair to have other valuable property also. Mr. De Villers having travelled from Norwich was sleepy, and sat shading his eyes with his hand half asleep, when the other struck him a violent blow in the face with a stick, and then seized him by the throat. A fierce struggle ensued, and as De V. was the more powerful of the two, he held him down with the intention of handing him over to the officers at the next station. The fellow again struggled violently, and during the struggle Mr. De Villers saw a pistol in the fellow's pocket, which he tried to get hold of. Instead, however, of doing so, he only succeeded in getting from the man's pocket a railway key. During the struggle the man drew his pistol, and Mr. De Villers devoted his attention to the holding of the man's arms to prevent the weapon being used. Mr. De Villers managed to fix the man up against the carriage door, and in so doing the fellow dropped the pistol out of the window. After keeping him in that position some time—crying in vain for help and no signal outside the carriage—the fellow gave him a violent kick in the abdomen, and sent him reeling back to the other side of the compartment in a fainting condition, during which the man made his escape from the carriage. When the train pulled up the affair was reported to the guard, who sent some one down the line to search for the man. Up to the present nothing has been heard of the ruffian who made the attack.

TABLE TALK.

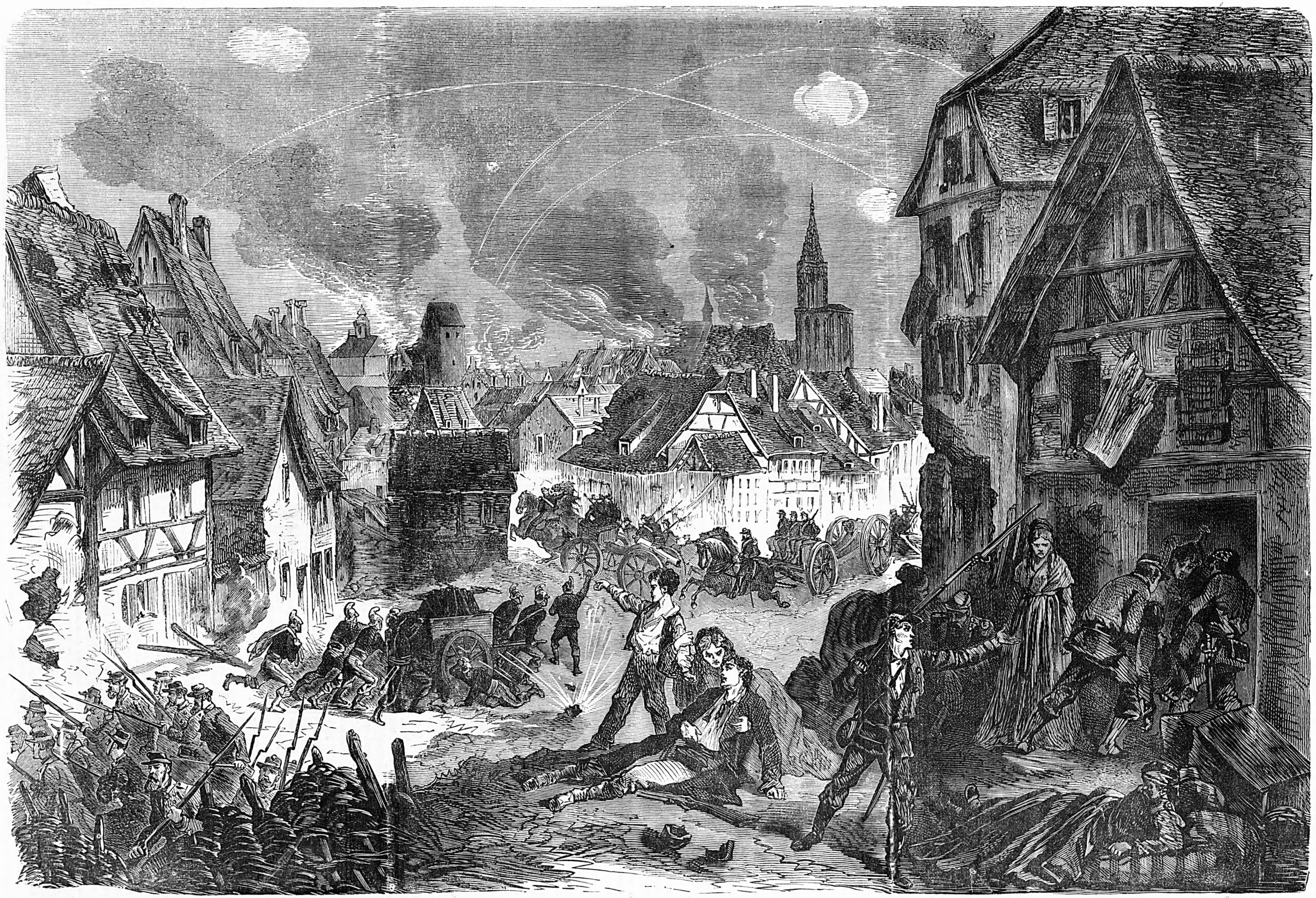
Every omnivorous reader must have been struck with the weakness, the almost utter failure of books of Table Talk. First we hear of a wonderful talker. We are delighted—fascinated with the description. What glowing tales the favoured listeners relate of the pleasure of sitting by the board of this or that conversationalist! How eloquently does Talfourd discourse of Coleridge's brilliant off-hand dissertations! What an impression Boswell leaves of the impromptu powers of Dr. Johnson! How witty was Rogers; how charing was Tom Moore; how irresistible was Lamb; how brilliant was Haslitt! Presently comes the book of "Coleridge's Table Talk." Is that all? Why the volume is weak and vapid to an almost unexampled degree. "Rogers's Table Talk" is not worth the time it takes to cut the leaves. Moore's Diary does not induce us for one moment to wish we could have been with him when he picked up those indifferent *bon mots*. Of Haslitt a single page of a critical essay may be easily selected worth more than everything that he is reported to have said in the character of an improvisatore. Boswell's book is more successful than any of the others, but at the best it is disappointing. There is never the warmth of life in the reports.

It is not so easy to say whence the failure. We are not willing to believe that the brilliant things we listen to would not bear printing. The quality of a thought, the elegance and force of an expression, the aptness of an illustration, ought to be as good to-day as to-morrow, as evident in black and white as in utterance. Besides, we put these smart extracts from entrancing conversations to the vocal test. Take a paragraph about half a page long on ethics, high politics, or idealism from the book of "Coleridge's Table Talk" and read it aloud to your family. Do your best with it. Put fervour, and verve, and *élan* into your rhetoric. Think of the brilliant talker and try to do justice to him. You will fail. The passage will make no particular impression. You may think you have done a stroke of good reading, but your audience will wonder how Coleridge acquired such extraordinary Table reputation. Then, of course, you lay down the book and hold forth on the marvellous charm which personality gives to the expression of ideas. There is plenty of room to enlarge on the topic. The good conversationalist is an actor, on another than the theatrical stage. Like the player, he has his audience *en rapport*. His points have been led up to, not by himself alone, but by the turn of talk at the moment. No sensible man at table starts a topic abruptly. His best things are not only good, but timely. They follow in the wake of a suggestion, rounding it off, strengthening it, or refuting it. A paragraph out of a book of Table Talk is like a man standing on a chair, in a Chesterfield coat, with a wide-awake hat on his head, repeating Mark Anthony's Soliloquy over the body of Cæsar. The accessories are absent and the sublime speech is almost ridiculous. The actor is dressed for his part; he moves among scenery; he talks to his peers or compeers; he takes up his cue. What is he without his cue? What a sorry figure does Hamlet cut holding parley with the ghost when there is no ghost before him. The table talker's accessories are not drop scenes and side wings, and his cue is of another sort; but he must be surrounded with the right suggestions and properties.

And then there is the character of the audience. Coleridge did not talk metaphysics to all sorts of listeners. He was not primed and loaded with certain ammunition to be let off whoever dropped in. Many men prepare themselves for conversation as others cram for a speech, but they are not the cream of talkers. The very princes of this noble art do not get up their discourses by rôte. Orators may do so but not table-talkers. Demosthenes and Macaulay finished their orations on paper to the last comma, but Dr. Johnson did not so prepare his epigrams. Macaulay is a good case in point. His speeches were wanting in effect, because they were wanting in spontaneity; but his conversation, not got ready for the occasion, was full of fire and brilliancy. A great secret of an effective conversation is sympathy. The speaker sees one or two or half-a-dozen before him catching at his thought, seizing upon his figure of rhetoric, agreeing with his simile, and he passes on; or he observes a cloud of hesitation or doubt, and he enlarges and amplifies. Every man at table plays a part in the game, and the very special knowledge which one particular listener is known to possesss serves to attune the treatment of the subject. In a limited degree some of these things are true of the orator, but not all of them. The man on the platform is situated half-way between the conversationalist and the writer. The loss of either, like the death of a great actor, is never repaired. The world ceases not to this hour to feel that fate has dealt hardly with it in that Garrick and Edmund Kean were not immortal; but the lamentations of playgoers at the departure of their idols is as nothing to the mourning—beyond the reach of consolation—of those who have lost from their midst a magnificent talker. There was a brilliant circle of men of letters and men of genius to whom the sun of life never seemed to shine so brightly again after Coleridge died.

Allowance must, however, be made for inefficient reporting. We have no faith in the verbal memories of men who sit through an evening with clever talkers, and then retire to their chamber to make a diary. They perform a certain service to their fellowmen and to posterity. They save some things that were better not lost. But they do not set down correctly what happened. The passages have lost something more than the fervour of the speaker: epithets, forms of speech, characteristic phraseology are lost. On this point there is something more to be said than we have space for in this column.

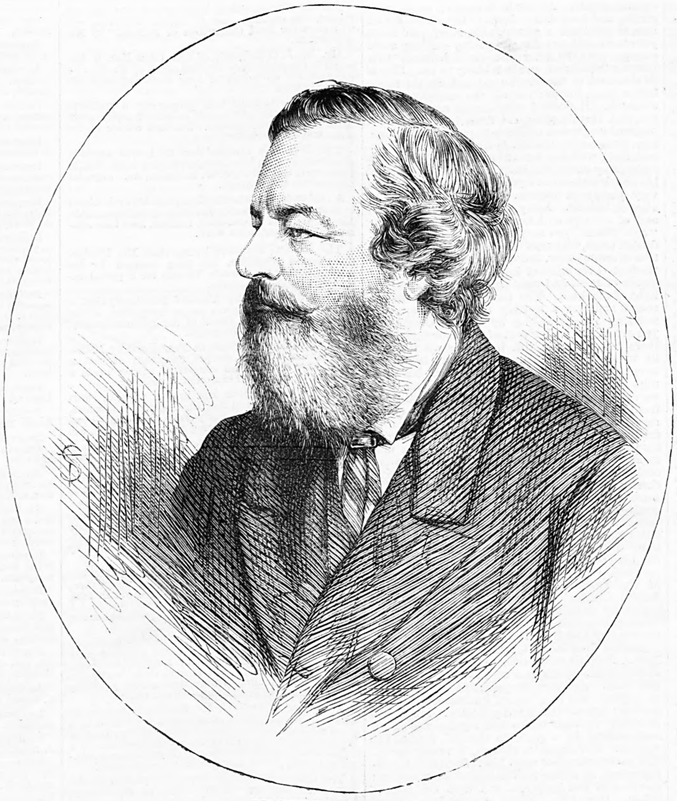
"I had been afflicted nine years with rheumatism and griping pains all over my body, so as to be unable to work and had been confined to my bed several weeks, when I heard of Perry Davis's Pain Killer, and sent for a bottle. I commenced using it immediately, and within twelve hours was free from pain and able to go down stairs, and I believe it will eventually quite restore the use of my paralysed limbs. George Hewson, *Warrington, Aug.* 15, 1867.—To P. Davis & Son, London, W.C.



INTERIOR OF STRASBURG DURING THE BOMBARDMENT. *(See page 227.)*

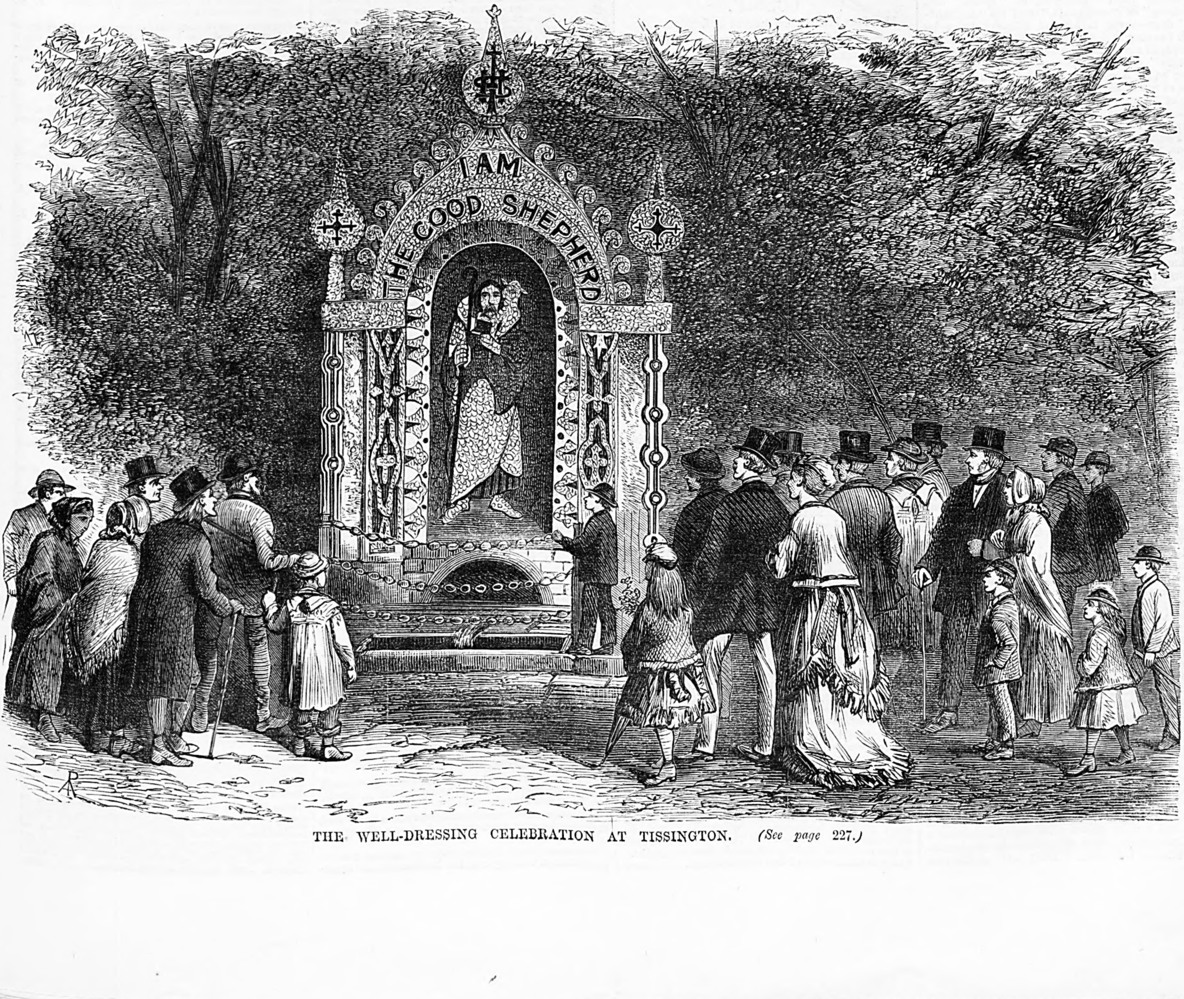
DR. MUSPRATT.

The portrait presented on this page is that of Sheridan Muspratt, Honorary M.D., Ph. D., A.M., F.R.S., Ed., M.R.I.A., F.C.S., &c., founder and principal of the College of Chemistry, Liverpool, author of *the* "Dictionary of Chemistry," of "Dr. Muspratt's Plattner on the Blowpipe," Memoirs of Berzelius, Liebig, Dumas, Mitscherlich, Rosé, &c. Dr. Muspratt was born in Dublin on the 8th of March, 1821. He is the eldest of ten children. His father was the eminent chemical manufacturer, James Muspratt, Esq., of Seaforth Hall, near Liverpool, founder and head of the firm with which he is associated. The subject of our portrait manifested a taste for scientific pursuits at a very early age. He was only 17 years old when he published an abstruse paper entitled "Experiments on Bleaching Powder," quite demolishing the prevailing theories as to the nature of that compound. Subsequent researches have quite confirmed the conclusions arrived at in that paper, and in his maturer years the learned Dr. found it necessary to republish the essay. While he was still quite a youth he delivered lectures and published papers on Organic Chemistry; Soda, Coal, Gas, and Sulphuric Acid; the Sulphites; Selenites; Carbonates of Alumina; Toluidine; Nitraniline; Aniline; the Action of Potassa on Indigo and Lycopodium; Hyposulphathylic, Hyposulphimethylic, Bissulphethylic, and Bisulphimethylic Acids, produced by the action of Nitric Acid upon the Sulphocyanide of Ethyle and Methyle; the identity of Bisulphethylic with Hyposulphethylic Acid, and of Bisulphamethylic and Hyposulphamethylic Acid; Carmufellic Acid; the Mineral Waters of Baden Baden; Combination of Arsenious Acid and Albumen; the Compound resulting from the Union of dry Chloride of Cyanogen and Ammoniacal Gas; Sulphuric Acid; Caryophylline; Chemistry of Vegetation; Qualitative Analysis for Laboratory Practice; the Influence of Chemistry on the Animal, and Vegetal, and Mineral Kingdoms. When Dr. Muspratt delivered his lectures on "Soda, Coal, Gas, and Sulphuric Acid" at the Royal College of Chemistry, London, the chair was occupied by the late Prince Consort, who, up to the time of his most lamented decease, showed his appreciation of the learned lecturer's talents by repeated acts of gracious acknowledgment.


DR. SHERIDAN MUSPRATT.

After a scientific tour in France and Germany, taken at a very early age, young Muspratt entered his name upon the lists of the Chemical School of the University of Glasgow. The chair was then filled by Professor Graham, and the student shortly afterwards followed the master to the London University. At the age of eighteen Sheridan Muspratt accepted an appointment as Chemical Manager to the firm of Peel Thompson, of Manchester. Subsequently he made a tour of the United States, and then repaired to Giessen, where, in company with many of the greatest chemists of the day, he studied at the feet of Liebig, and became the great master's biographer and friend. There he remained two years, and through papers he published on abstruse scientific subjects he gained the distinctive honour of Doctor of Philosophy, a title never before conferred on so young a man. Of one of his essays the great Swedish chemist Berzelius says "The investigation of Sulphurous Acid and its Salts by Muspratt is one of the most elegant and elaborate we possess, and, moreover, it is one which beautifully sets forth the analogy existing between the sulphites and the carbonates." Dr. Muspratt became a frequent contributor to the scientific periodicals of Germany, England, France, and America, and wrote interesting biographical sketches of the leading contemporary chemists. He also read papers at the meetings and congresses of the principal learned societies. All these events bring us only to Dr. Muspratt's thirtieth year. On his return to England he determined upon the establishment of a College of Chemistry at Liverpool, on the model of the College at Giessen. This Institution, we need hardly say, is a great and universally acknowledged success. A few years after the founding of this College, Dr. Muspratt undertook the ardous task of compiling, for Mr. Mackenzie, the eminent publisher, a Dictionary of Chemistry on a very extended scale, a work which has added greatly to the learned Doctor's fame. Speaking of this book the late Professor Faraday said "Dr. Muspratt's researches in both organic and inorganic chemistry have given him a reputation that is not excelled by any modern chemist; but his 'Dictionary of the Arts and Manufactures' will render his name immortal." The value and excellence of this learned and comprehensive book have been most widely recognised, and for a work of the kind it has had an extraordinary circulation. It is the book of reference for all manufacturers and artisans whose avocations have the slightest direct or indirect relation to chemistry. Among the most important of Dr. Muspratt's contributions to science are his discoveries among the medicated springs of Buxton, Malvern, Scarborough, Ben. Rhydding, Llandudno, and Harrogate.

Dr. Muspratt has been twice married. The first time to the highly accomplished Susan Cushman, well known to fame by her incomparable delineation of Juliet, and whose premature death occurred in the spring of 1859. His present wife is, we believe, a relative of General Neale. The learned Doctor numbers among his accomplishments that of a remarkably clever elocutionist. Many who have heard him consider him to be unsurpassed by any professor of the day. He is a man of polished manners, refined taste, and genial hospitality. A very fine sculptured marble bust of Dr. Muspratt, by Adams-Acton, exhibited at the Royal Academy this year, has been pronounced by George Cruikshank to be the best portrait-bust he ever saw.



THE WELL-DRESSING CELEBRATION AT TISSINGTON. *(See page 227.)*

STAG-HUNTING ON EXMOOR.

North Devon has ceased to be the *ignota regio* that it once was. Certain of its aboriginal features it does indeed still retain. It boasts of a race of squires, clergymen, and farmers that are unique in England. Its hospitalities are on a scale that you will witness nowhere else. Till within a few years since the meet of the Devon and Somerset staghounds was still regularly proclaimed in the church of East Anstey, after the first lesson; and even at the present day the phenomena of the ecclesiastic who combines in himself the attributes of the keen sportsman and the hard-working parish priest is by no means rare. This is the age of wonders, and wonders have been effected in North Devon by the instrumentality of railroads. The huge panting machine, symbolical of progress, will convey you in seven or eight hours from London to the very centre and *emphalos* of the beauties of the far west—Barnstaple. This town is within eight miles of Ilfracombe, and within some twenty of Lynmouth and Lynton—places which have achieved a marvellous prosperity, and acquired a wonderfully fashionable repute in a very short time. Railways at this point of your travels you will find none; and, if you wish to be conveyed from Barnstaple to either of the villages just named, you must travel by coach—unless, indeed, you prefer posting, have your own horses with you, or entertain a prejudice in favour of pedestrianism. On the whole, it is better that, if you at first feel disposed to put forth the energy which the latter exercise will involve, you should check yourself, and make up your mind not to despise the convenient mode of locomotion which the coach will supply. You will have a far better opportunity, when perched on your vehicular eminence, for contemplating all those beauties of nature so widely spread around you than when you are trusting to the support of your own faithful feet. The body, too, is in a state of repose, and spite of Rosseau's panegyric upon peripatetics, when that blessed quiescence is attained the mind appreciates more keenly all that claims its attention. Go, then, by coach, and as you near Lynton, slowly ascending a lofty hill, fail not to cast your eye far away eastward over a waste of purple heather-covered moorland. That is Exmoor; stretching north and south some forty, east and west some fifty miles, now not quite the wild, uncultivated moorland that it once was, but still dreary and desolate enough, as you will soon find if you try to ride across it with a thick mist scudding over its surface, and stealing the landscape from you.

The stag-hunting season which is now drawing to its close—the 8th of October is the last day on which the sportsman who is also a martinet will tell you that the hounds should be turned out—has been a remarkably good one. There have been several runs of thirty or forty miles; the stags have been as game and the metal of horses as keen as ever. Will the reader suffer his attention for a few minutes to be diverted from the Continental crisis and accompany us in his imagination on such a run as one of those which have been plentiful enough during the last month or two? It is by no means the simple process, this stag-hunting on Exmoor, that might at first be imagined. It involves a small regiment of subsidiary officials, as well as the application of a phraseology mysterious and perplexing enough to the outsider and the tyro. He will hear of "knobbers" and "brockets, of "spires" and "prickets," of "staggarts," and of "warrantable" deer—these being the different titles by which the stag is distinguished according to the principle of age. He will hear, too, much talk of "tufters." and "harbourers," and if his companion be of a communicative and enthusiastic frame of mind, he can scarcely fail to hear something of the superlative merits of a certain Jem Blackmore, most perfect "harbourer" ever known; of the glories of Jack Dunscombe and Joe Faulkner, bearers of the horn erewhile famous, who rest now, it is to be hoped, in the happy hunting-fields reserved for good huntsmen. Important duties, these—"harbourer" and "tufter." Mr. Fenwick Bisset would scarcely allow his hounds to make their own selection in the matter of the deer to be pursued. Not merely must the dogs be carefully kept off hinds in the stag season, but their energies are usually directed to one particular stag, marked out before-hand, predestined for the chase, and it appears known only to those who have the most intimate acquaintance with the "forest." 'Tis the business, then, of your harbourer to explore with much careful pressing through of bushes, much close and patient examination of footprints—"slots" they are technically called—the lair of this special and pre-ordained victim; while "tufter" is the name applied to the two couples of old hounds—steady, tried, and true—with whom the huntsman draws for the wished-for deer. Once admit the whole pack to the covert, and the hounds would divide on half a a dozen deer—the quarry "wanted" by the field remaining all the while perhaps untroubled and safe in his shady glen.

This much by way of explanation and initiation, and both were necessary. We will start, if you please, from the metropolis of stag-hunting, the pleasant wood-girt little town of Dulverton. With a good mount—on the horse your friend has lent you—you may be quite certain that, however game the stag may be to day, it will only be your own fault if you fail to see the last of him; and in weather so perfectly glorious as this magnificent morning, do you wonder if you feel in extraordinarily good spirits? It would be strange if you did not. The meet is a favourite one, Cloutsham, and beautiful the ride to it, through copse and heather, the air wafting you sweetness, and your horse trampling beneath the honey-laden heather blossoms till they break into a shower of flowery spray. At one time there was something ominous in the cloud crest that waved over the beacon of Dunkerley, but that has passed away, and as you mingle with the crowd at Cloutsham—there is not a soul in the neighbourhood who has not turned out, mounted or afoot—never day promised a better run. Now you shall see the use of "tufters." Our cunning "harbourer" indicates in a hoarse whisper to the huntsman the retreat of the stag which is the object of the quest. Out are drafted the two couple of tufters, and into yonder covert does the wary Nimrod lead them. A challenge? Yes; but a false alarm—the dogs have found a stag, but not the right one, and Sam, the huntsman, silences the rising "Tally ho" of the vast chorus outside. At last he is found; see to your girths, and then settle down to the chase, for as sure as yonder is a warrantable stag, you have your work cut out for you to-day—killing work enough both to rider and steed beneath this blazing September sun it is likely to be. Listen to the crack of the brushwood, and see the noble fellow leap forward in all the majesty of his strength. It doesn't want much experience to tell that there's plenty of fight in him. For a moment he pauses, or seems to pause, darts a defiant glance upon hounds, horses, and riders alike, and then, with the force of a thunderbolt, bursts right away across the moor. But the beauty of his action as he clears yon stone wall! 'Tis the very poetry of motion. Hounds and hunters after in full cry. Away they go; past swamps—and of swamps on Exmoor there are not a few; "soft places" you may call them, as the orthodox do call them, idignantly repudiating the imputation of swampiness, but the name does not change the fact—over miles of heather, encircled now by clouds of mist, and now emerging into the full light of sunshine. You have gone an immense round, and over a terribly uneven surface, descending and ascending by turns. Once more you are on the higher part of the moor again, and there beyond shine full in your sight the sunlit waters of the Channel. You are beginning to entertain a misgiving that your horse has well-nigh got through his second wind. Never fear, we are on Countesbury Common now, and the fresh sea air pulls together your panting quadruped immensely. Meanwhile, the stag is as fresh as ever. More than once in the course of his run for life, the pace of which has been uniformly tremendous, has he bathed himself in the cool streams that intersect Exmoor, and a bath in these seems to imbue the noble creature with the same fresh life that inspired Antæus on each successive tumble. But the stag makes away, not to the sea, but to the right. Down the hill, and up the opposite height. The whole pack follow him. For a while the quarry edges the cliff in his course, and then it is known that he will take to the water. Just as one of the steep bridle-paths overhanging the Bristol Channel is in view, the stag is seen haughtily standing on a rock surrounded by the flowing tide, and watching his pursuers. The hounds bay him from the land. One, more adventurous than the rest, swims to the rock where he is. *Nimium audax canis*: in a moment, a blow aimed at him by the deer with his forefoot strikes him dead. And here preparations will be made to capture the stag before he betakes himself farther; but his end is not yet come. He dashes suddenly through the water, regains the shore, and, rushing by a path up the cliff, regains the surface. His strength, though, is nearly spent. His pursuers are hot upon him. Suddenly wheeling round, he makes for the edge of the precipice; one look of fear he gives, and then the leap is taken. It may be a height of some hundreds of feet, and the noble creature is dashed to pieces below—is in fact a *felo de se*. And when they are hard pressed these suicidal propensities do not unfrequently develop themselves in the stag. He as often seeks refuge in the waves of the Channel, when he is captured in boats, or Sappho-like takes the "vault of death," such as has just been described, and perishes within the actual clutch of the hounds.—*The Globe*.

GOSSIP.

Mr. Tom Hohler has arrived in London.

Auber and Gounod have arrived in London.

Mr. Rossetti's poems have reached a fourth edition.

Kapellmeister F. Wagner, of Dresden, was amongst the killed at Sedan.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have published a likeness of Charles Dickens.

Charles Dickens, in his twenty-four works, introduced us to 1,425 personages.

Mdme. Dejazt is in town, and intends taking a theatre for French performances.

A translation of Baron Hübner's "Life of Sixtus the Fifth" will appear shortly.

Herr Lubeck, the eminent classical pianist, of Paris, is gone with his family to the Hague.

Sir Michael Costa is on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye.

Mr. Santley, who has been rather seriously indisposed, is, we are glad to say, now recovering.

Professor Max Müller has a third volume of his "Chips from a German Workshop" in the press.

M. Baugniet, the well-known artist, has quitted his villa at Sevres, and is now at work in a studio near Brussels.

Dr. Manning has written a pastoral letter to his clergy on the Vatican Council, which will appear shortly.

Mr. Walter Montgomery's engagements in England are postponed on account of his great success in America.

Mr. Andrew Halliday is engaged dramatising the "Old Curiosity Shop," by special permission of the late Charles Dickens.

Lord Amberley has an article in the forthcoming number of the *Theological Review* on "The Religious Problem in Education."

The death is announced, at the age of seventy-seven, of Mr. Jeremiah Garnett, one of the founders of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Report taxes Mr. Burnand with the composition of a burlesque of "The Critic," which is to be brought out at the Vaudeville Theatre.

A grammar of the Siamese language is to be published at Bangkok, in Siam, by J. T. Jones, D.D., for many years a resident in that country.

A new theatre is said to be in contemplation: site, part of the unoccupied ground at the foot of London-bridge, formerly by St. Thomas's Hospital.

Folkestone is crowded with arrivals from France. Last week, at the Pavilion, were Signor and Madame Gardoni, their son, two daughters, and two nieces.

Mdme. Artôt, owner of one of a cluster of villas at Sevres, is gone to Berlin, and has placed her villa at the service of the ambulance corps for the wounded.

An interesting concert, conducted by Dr. Flowers, was held at the West-end Hall, Hammersmith, on Tuesday evening, the proceeds being given to the National Society in aid of the Sick and Wounded.

The *Leisure Hour* informs us that "Baron Munchausen" was long believed to be only a *nom de plume*, and a parody on the "Travels of Baron de Tott," or on Bruce's "Travels in Abyssinia." In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1857, it is satisfactorily made out that "Munchausen's Travels" were written at Dalcoath Mine, in Cornwall, by Mr. Raspe, a German, who was storekeeper of that establishment.

Among forthcoming biographies are one of Brunel, the engineer, one of George Whitfield, and "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland," by Mr. O'Flanagan.

Mr. W. J. O'Driscoll, of the Irish Bar, is engaged in the preparation of a biography of Maclise: he possesses the advantage of long friendship with the deceased artist.

Messrs. Longmans are preparing a uniform edition of Mr. Disraeli's novels, to which the author will prefix a new general preface. The first volume of the series will be "Lothair."

The *Belgravia Annual* for 1871 will contain contributions from Miss Braddon, Dutton Cook, Walter Thornbury, G. A. Sala, F. W. Robinson, &c. Superior illustrations are promised.

A statue of the late Sir Humphry Davy is about to be erected at Penzance. It will be of Sicilian marble. Messrs. Wills, of Euston-road, London, have been commissioned to execute the work.

The *Musical Standard* learns that Mr. Phelps, the eminent tragedian, has been engaged by the management of the Queen's Theatre for a period extending over twelve months.

We hear (says the *Musical Standard*) that a grand concert will be given (on an early date) at the Crystal Palace, for the Funds of the National Society, in aid of the Sick and Wounded.

The first concert given in New York by Mdlle. Nilsson was a signal success, financially as well as artistically, the Swedish songstress having made a decided impression on her American auditory.

Dr. Richard Morris has in the press a short elementary "Historical English Grammar," in which, by a series of examples, many errors of popular Grammars, authorized by Examining Boards of repute, will be set straight.

Monday's *Record* notes the death of Mr. James Evans, who was the originator of that journal at Cannes. Mr. Evans was also the originator of a well-known French religious paper, the *Espérance*. He was seventy-eight years of age.

Prince Poniatowski, the accomplished amateur composer and singer, is among the victims of the late events in Paris and is now in London. The Prince is reduced to the necessity of earning a livelihood by giving instruction in singing.—*Orchestra*.

Mr. John Edmund Reade has just died in the seventieth year of his age. His first publication, "Cain, the Wanderer," which he gave to the world in 1830, secured the commendation of Coleridge and Goethe. A collective edition of his "Poems" was published a few years since by Messrs. Longman.

Mr. James A. H. Murray has lately examined, for the Early English Text Society, the prints of parts of the Auchinleck MS. issued by some of the Scotch printing clubs. The result is such as to justify the Society in determining to have these prints gradually re-edited from the manuscript.—*Athenæum*.

A work, setting forth the leading principles by which the campaigns of great commanders have been governed, and thus comprising lessons of war, in all its departments, as taught by its ablest masters— is a forthcoming contribution to war literature, by Lieut.-Colonel Sondy, of the Royal Artillery.—*Athenæum*.

The Queen some time since accepted from the author an early copy of the edition of the "Gentle Life." especially dedicated to her Majesty, and has communicated to the author her complete approval of the book. The new edition, illustrated by Sir Noel Paton, will be published on the 10th of October, by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

At the Berlin Opera (says the *Musical Standard*) nothing will still go down but patriotic allusions and pieces, "De cironstance." The audiences continue to persist (observes a French journalist) in singing (in all the keys), "They shall not have the Rhine," a river, which, to say the least, seems never to have been less menaced than at present.

The Prior of the Benedictine monastery at Belmont, near Hereford, will shortly publish a work on which he has been engaged for some years, on "The Life and Times of St. Thomas Aquinas;" and another of the fathers at the same monastery has in the press a refutation, from the Catholic point of view, of the Sacredotal theory of Orders in the Church of England.

For Mr. Haslitt's new edition of "Warton's History of English Poetry," Mr. Sweet, of Balliol, has written a concise account of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, and Dr. R. Morris and Mr. Furnival have compiled a list of the principal poetical works from 1200 to 1500, with a statement of the changes in the different stages of the Transition Period of our language.

It is fully anticipated that at least £6,000 will will be handed over to the Birmingham General Hospital, as the profit of the late Festival. This result is satisfactory in every point of view, but particularly as indicating that the policy of engaging "stars," at a preposterous rate of remuneration, has been successfully abandoned by the Committee of Management at the recent meeting.—*Athenæum*.

Paris being now without any musical performances of any kind (says the *Athenæum*) and being completely cut off from the outer world, nearly all the leading *artistes*, before the capital was invested, took their departure for other countries. Many of them are in Belgium and Holland, and the opera-houses in the Netherlands will therefore have the advantage of the abilities of singers and instrumentalists of note. It is already announced that M. Duprez, who is in Brussels, will produce his opera, "Jeanne d'Arc," at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, with a strong cast of emigrant singers.

NEW PATENTS.

(Contributed by Messrs. Payne and Talbot, 1, Bennett's-hill, and 56, Ann-street, Birmingham.)

Improvements in knife-cleaning machines. G. Weedon, London.

Improvements in the utilisation of a certain material obtained in treating cotton seed, and in machinery employed therein. T. Rose, Oxton, and R. E. Gibson, New Brighton, Cheshire.

An improved method of preparing or treating cements for the purpose of rendering them applicable for the production of artificial stone and architectural ornaments. C. J. Busk, London. (A communication from R. P. Busk, France.)

An improved strap fastener, A. H. Brandon, Paris. (A communication from W. S. Thomson, Paris.)

An improved apparatus for indicating the water level in steam boilers. E. Daniel, Rouen, France.

Improvements in apparatus for removing soot and other deposit from the tubes of steam boilers. E. Green, Wakefield, Yorkshire.

Improvements in apparatus for winding and setting watches and other timekeepers. A. Watkins and R. C. Haurott, London.

An improved automatic lamb-creep. W. H. Carson, and J. V. Toone, Warminster, Wilts.

Improvements in the construction of steam vessels, and in the arrangement of wheels for propelling the same. W. R. Lake, London. (A communication from F. Kothe, Germany.)

Improvements in the manufacture of yarns or threads and in apparatus to be used therein. G. A. Schott, Bradford, Yorkshire.

Improvements in signals and name plates to be used in connection with letter boxes. E. Lever, Haughton, near Manchester.

Improvements applicable to winding engines for the prevention of winding over the headstocks, also applicable to other stationary engines where the weight is taken off suddenly. J. Sharrocks, Rochdale, Lancashire.

Improvements in cases for cigars and other articles. G. H. and J. James, London.

An improved spring clip file or binder. T. Adams, London. (A communication from A. M. Crowhurst, Boston, U.S.)

Certain improvements in the construction of paper collars, so far as regards the lining and strengthening thereof. T. Taylor, Manchester.

Improvements in the construction of pianofortes. H. J. Kirkman, London.

Improvements in the construction of agricultural, road, traction, and portable steam engines and tramway locomotives. T. Aveling, Rochester, Kent.

Improvements in treating excremental matters. T. J. Smith, London. (A communication from C. M. T. du Mofay, Paris.)

Improvements in machinery or apparatus for felting or planking the bodies of hats or other coverings for the head, which improvements are also applicable to other felting purposes. J. Kirk, S. Shelmerdine, and C. Froggatt, Stockport, Cheshire.

An improved method of and apparatus for applying power to the running of machinery and tools, whereby such machinery or tools may be adjusted to any desired angle in use. W. S. Coon, New York, U.S.

Improvements in using the waste threads of condensing carding engines, and in machinery to be used for that purpose. E. Weare, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire.

Improvements in making white lead. J. Baggs, London.

Certain improvements in looms for weauing. W. Smith, Heywood, Lancashire.

Improvements in the production of raised and sunken designs in imitatation of carving in wood, ivory, bone, and other materials. G. W. Ley, Croydon, Surrey.

An improvement in typographic, lithographic, and zincographic printing machines. C. H. Gardner, London, and G. H. Carey, Bermondsey, Surrey.

An improvement in wrappers for papering needles, and a new or improved instrument or apparatus for measuring or counting needles for papering. V. Milward, Ipsley, Warwickshire.

Improvements in buckles or fastenings for braces, belts, bands, and other articles. E. L. Parker, Birmingham.

Improvements in wheels for carriages. W. and C. S. Catt, Ipswich.

Improvements in machinery for breaking, softening, and preparing flax and other fibrous materials. R. A. Collyer, Lille, France.

Improvements in planes for chamfering and moulting, and in means connected with their use. F. Hart, Bourton, Dorsetshire.

An improvement in the manufacture of sewing thread. C. Brook, Meltham Mills, Yorkshire.

Improvements in the manufacture of water-proof garments. C. Montagu, London.

Improvements in setting horizontal stationary boilers. J. Head, Middlesborough.

Improvements in machinery for combing wool, cotton, flax, and other fibrous substances. J. Eastwood, sen., and H. W. Whitehead, Leeds, Yorkshire.

Improvements in machinery for corrugating and moulding sheet metal, which improvements are also applicable for other purposes. A. M. Clark, London. (A communication from A. Johnson and W. T. Hill, New York, U.S.)

Improved apparatus for scraping and cleansing streets and roads. R. Hughes, Worcester.

Improved apparatus for cleaning knives. A. V. Newton, London. (A communication from J. A. Weston, Paris.)

Improvements in the manufacture of alum, and in obtaining by-products in such manufacture applicable to certain useful purposes. P. Spence, Manchester.

Improvements in water-waste preventers. F. G. Fleury, Southwark, Surrey.

Improvements in machinery or apparatus for pressing and forming heels for boots and shoes, and for other like purposes. J. H. Johnson, London. (A communication from H. H. Bigelow, Worcester, Massachusetts, U.S.)

Improved means and apparatus for dressing or finishing leather. J. and T. Priestman, Cheshire.

An improved process and apparatus for chlorinating gold, silver, and copper ores. W. R. Lake, London. (A communication from C. Helefeld, Nevado, U.S.)

Improvements in apparatus to be employed in the preparation of pulverized clay used in the manufacture of tiles, bricks, pottery, and other articles of earthenware or china. A. Maw, Benthall, Salop.

Improvements in ovens. B. J. B. Mills, London. (A communication from H. Ball, New York, U.S.)

Improvements in paints and pulveriser therefor. J. Johnson, Westhartlepool, Durham.

(Patents upon which the £50 Stamp Duty has been paid).

An improved hat blocking machine. A. M. Clark, London. (A communication from J. Sheldon, New York, U.S.)

Improvements in the manufacture of railway wheels. J. H. Johnson, London. (A communication from E. K. McKeesport, Alleghanny, U.S.)

Improvemints in apparatus applicable to the conversion of cereal and vegetable substances into saccharine matter, in treating and purifying saccharine substances extracted from malt, fruits and vegetables, in treating fatty matters, and in the manufacture of chemical products. G. Allibon, Worcester, and A. Maubre, London.

Improvements in apparatus for sharpening the blades of knives employed in mowing and reaping machines. W. Mitchell, Manchester.

Improvements in the construction of beadsteads and mattresses. T. E. Clark, Somersetshire.

Improvements in the manufacture of certain descriptions of nails. F. Parkes, Birmingham.

Certain improvements in sewing machines. J. Gutmann, Berlin, Prussia.

Improvements in jointed rules. A. Bradburn and S. T. Marsh, Birmingham.

Improvements in machinery for moulding, perforating, and pressing bricks and other articles. S. Johnson, Crook, Durham.

Improvements in mounting and driving millstones. R. Smith, jun., Derbyshire.

Improvements in the arrangement and construction of street sweeping and cleaning machines. S. Warren, Gloucestershire.

Improvements having particular reference to chairs for the use of dentist, barbers, photographers, or other persons, such invention also being applicable to various other useful articles or purposes in the arts. O. C. White, Massachusetts, U.S.

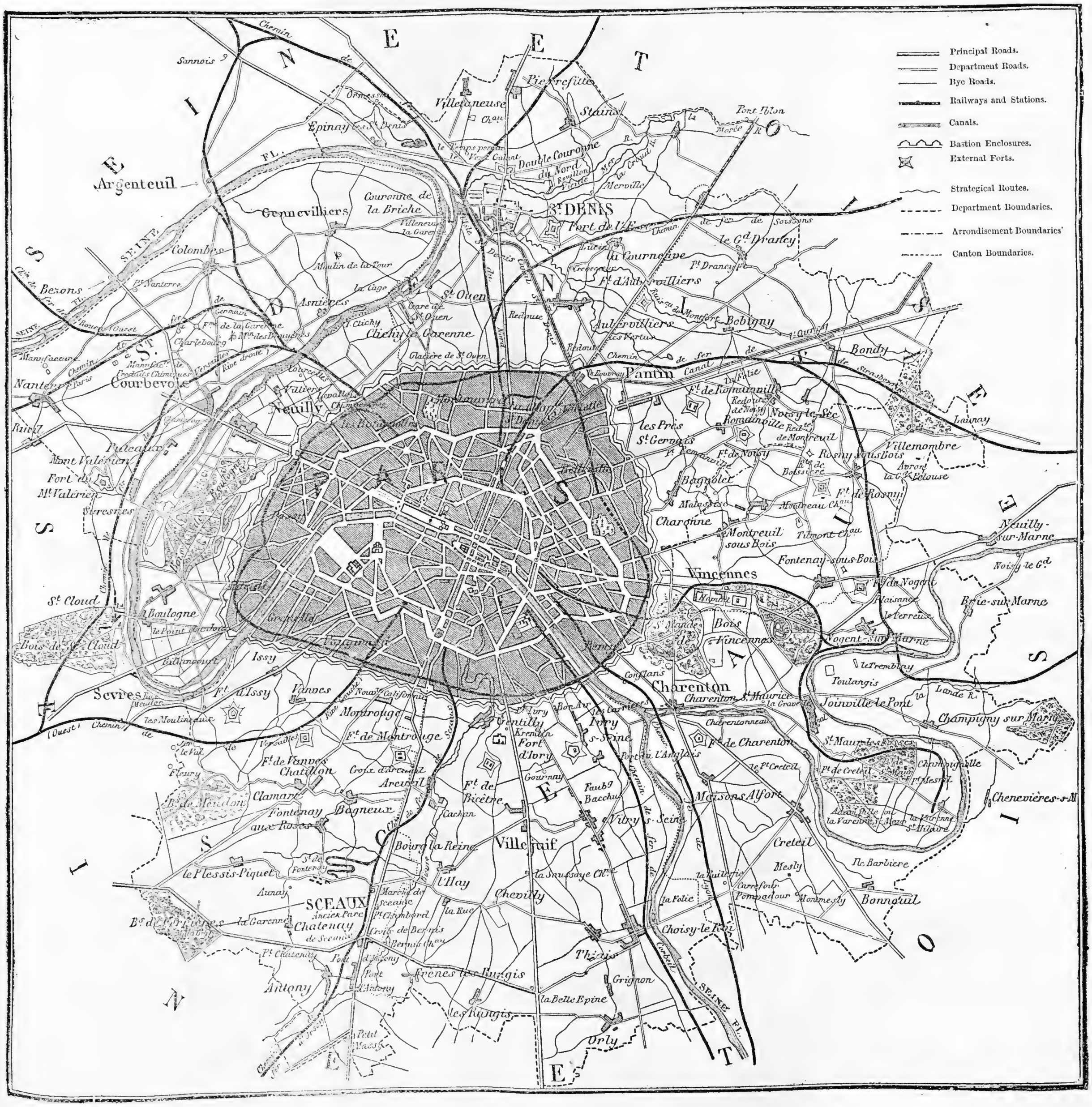
Improvements in the manufacture of wheat and other grain into flour, and in the machinery connected therewith. T. J. Baker, Farndon, Nottinghamshire.

ROSSETER'S HAIR RESTORER is the only preparation which can be confidently relied upon for restoring grey hair to its original colour. It assists nature in supplying the colouring properties which may have become deficient through age or disease. Price 3s. 6d. per bottle. [628

ONE BOTTLE DID IT. That is the expression of many who have had their grey hair restored to its natural colour, after using one bottle of MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S World's Hair Restorer. It is not a dye, it can do no harm. Every one who has used this preparation speaks loud in its praise. If you wish to restore your hair as in youth, and retain it through life, without delay procure this preparation. Sold by all Chemists. Depot, 266, High Holborn, London, [32

"ROT."

The word which heads this paper is neither pretty nor elegant; but to use the expression of Leech's cabman, it means a "deuce of a lot." It is the concentrated essence of the language of disgust, an *extractum verborum* distilled from the vocabulary of abuse by some linguistic Liebig of the present day, and comprises in its small and inharmonious self all that is sharpest and bitterest in unknown quantities of highly-seasoned and condemnatory language. To say of anything that it is "all rot," is to say the worst of it in the most complete and effective manner; and Dr. Johnson, Lindley Murray, and the author of "Lothair" could not express it more thoroughly and completely. Still, with all this vast advantage of comprehensiveness and brevity, the fact still remains that "rot" is a coarse and very ugly word. No poet would dream of using it; for, place it where you like, it would, by its solitary presence, spoil an epic or a five-act tragedy, flavouring the whole with an evil savour, as does the smallest particle of the uncooked onion the cauldron of entrancing and appetizing soup. And, further, the greatest admirer of fast and charming beauty would deprecate the use of this little word by the rosy lips through whose enchanting portals streams of the sweetest slang had hitherto passed without rebuke. Why, then, should a dissertation on such a word be admitted to these columns? and what advantage can be gained by its dissection and consideration? Because, we emphatically answer, no word so well and effectively describes much of what is said and written at this present time, and which, from the glitter that hardly covers its nakedness, is taken by so many for the gold of which it is so poor an imitation. Carlyle, in one of his books, states that the world contains so many million inhabitants, and he adds to this statement the brief comment, "mostly fools." So in these days, when so many men and women use the facile pens of far too ready writers, pouring out upon the world continuous streams of high-flown verbiage, it may be truly said of a good deal of it, that it is "mostly rot." What is the food from which our great critical and satirical reviews derive their chief nutriment? Is it not from the digestion and discussion of "rot"? If it were not from the copious supplies continually kept up of this literary garbage they would die of starvation. Take up, for instance, your daily paper, and turn, say, to the letter of its Paris correspondent. You find there writing of the tallest description, containing a very few doubtful facts, and a very large amount of comment and reflection thereon. It looks and sounds remarkably well. There are plenty of long words, a quotation or two, a statement that there is no want of *élan* in something, and an opinion that something else is *chik*, a little story from the clubs, just verging on impropriety, and a *mot* which the writer heard the night before from the lips of a princess at the palace of an ambassador; and all this is so served up in large type, and is made to look so nice and attractive that it is some time before it begins to dawn upon your mind that it is unmitigated "rot." Then again, consider for a moment the general conversation of the world about you, the drivelling you get at dinners and the twaddle at teas; and also think how much you, the critic and cynic, have contributed to all this drivel and twaddle, and what "rot" it all is. Think, if you can do so with any calmness of mind, of the sort of talk which you have been in the habit of manufacturing for the casual acquaintance whose misfortunes have brought him within conversational distance of you; think of the serious opinions you solemnly delivered on the doings of these stirring times. Remember the poor little attenuated witticisms you managed to introduce, and how you dragged in by the imaginative scruff of its metaphorical neck that very aged story which you fancy you tell so well, and which your poor wife has heard, ah! so many times too often, and consider with what an air you did it all, and how you paused for the little complimentary laugh or interjection that your victim felt himself compelled to contribute when you held out to him so obtrusively your ragged old hat of self-complacent conceit. What was it all? Do you not in your heart of hearts confess that it was the most complete "rot?" Or, may be, you are still in your salad days, a rising lawyer, a smart doctor, or a spruce clerk in the Civil service of your country. You affect polite society, and specially the companionship of that sex whose charming chatter could never be designated by such a term as "rot." You go to your little *thé-dansante*, or *soirée*, or what not, and are at once taken by your bland and radiant hostess to the benches where the mercenary matrons of society display their charming wares. You make your choice, and, showing the bewitching and be-tulled sylph how very bald you are getting, present her with your elbow, as a sort of entrancing bait, and, having hooked her, land her on the banks of the slow-flowing quadrille. Then you begin what you call a conversation—that is, you ask her if she has seen the last new play, read the last new novel, heard the last new opera, and smelt the last new perfume; and having received affirmatives or negatives, as the case may be, you find you must draw a cheque on the steady old firm of Weather and Co., which she cashes in very small coin; and so you, between you, get an available and safe currency to continue negotiations with. If you are bold, you may try flirting, and get to the considerations of love "in the abstract;" but, my dear young friend, what wretched "rot" it all is, is it not? But, where is there not this universal article? Is the bar, and even the bench, free from it? Does it not meander over the snowy folds of the clerical white tie, fluttering lazily about the dull and wearied ears of respectable stolidity? Has it never got up in its place, laid its hand upon its heart, and assured its right honourable friend that the purity of its motives is only equalled by the integrity of its actions. But, as we write, an awful thought comes across our brain. What if some flippant clerk in some Government department, who has been idly conning over this essay of ours, should, by his final and emphatic remark, "Well this *is* rot," show us how excellent an example of our subject we had omitted to adduce.
—*Civilian.*


Principal Roads.
Department Roads.
Bye Roads.
Railways and Stations.
Canals.
Bastion Enclosures.
External Forts.
Strategical Routes.
Department Boundaries.
Arrondisement Boundaries'
Canton Boundaries.
S E I N E
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Argenteuil
Sannois
Villetaneuse
Pierrefitte
Stains
Epinay
Double Couronne du Nord
St. DENIS
Gennevilliers
Colombes
Nanterre
Courbevoie
Neuilly
Asnières
St. Ouen
Clichy la Garenne
Aubervilliers
le Gd. Drancy
Bobigny
Pantin
Bondy
Noisy le Sec
Romainville
Mont Valérien
Puteaux
Suresnes
St. Cloud
Boulogne
Bois de Boulogne
Sèvres
Issy
Vanves
Montrouge
Chatillon
Clamart
Bagneux
Fontenay aux Roses
Arcueil
Gentilly
Bicêtre
Ivry
Villejuif
Bourg la Reine
Sceaux
Chatenay
l'Hay
Chevilly
Thiais
Orly
Vitry s. Seine
Choisy le Roi
Maisons Alfort
Creteil
Charenton
Vincennes
Bois de Vincennes
Montreuil sous Bois
Bagnolet
Charonne
Fontenay sous Bois
Rosny sous Bois
Villemombre
Neuilly sur Marne
Nogent sur Marne
Joinville le Pont
St. Maur les Fossés
Champigny sur Marne
Brie sur Marne
Chenevières s. M.
Bonneuil
Antony
le Plessis Piquet
Fresnes les Rungis
SEINE

PLAN OF THE FORTIFICATIONS AND ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

ACHILLES.

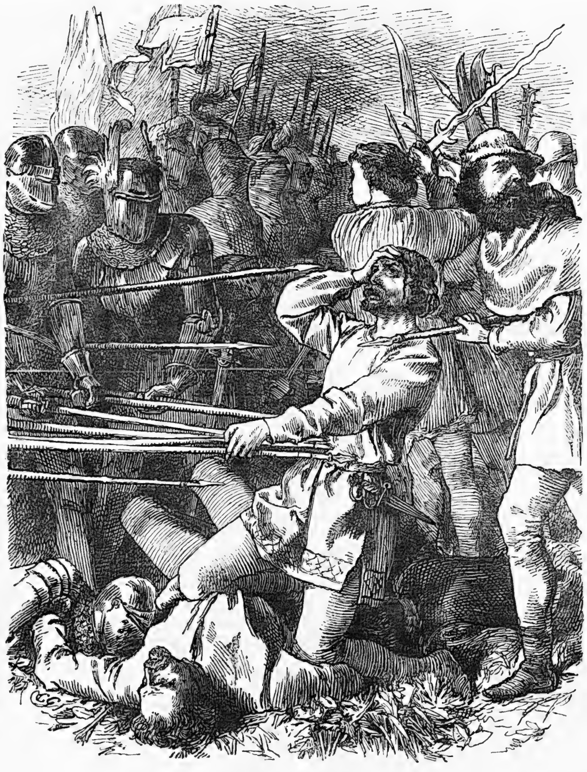
Immortal Thetis, looking through the years,
Far from the narrow threshold of "to-day,"
Saw that her son, Achilles, whom she bore
To Peleus, of the high Olympian line,
Must fall in battle after victories won,
Struck by a deadly arrow in the heel.
She saw, and when rash Paris stirr'd the wrath
Of heroes, old in honour, old in arms,
And when the wrong to Menelaus done
Cried out for vengeance through the breadth of Greece,
She used her wiles to keep her darling back;
And sent him, he submitting to her will,
Clothed like a maiden to King Lycomede,
Unknown to mix with maidens of the court,
And ply the peaceful arts which maidens use.

Stripling Achilles, to the eye a girl,
With all a young girl's artless countenance,
His long hair parted midway on his brow,
And loop'd above the ears in braids of gold,
Abode content, with maidens of the court,
Until the time should come when he must throw
The mask away, and follow to his fate.
So much he owed to Thetis and her prayers;
But ever while he mix'd in simple sports,
And sweetly all sweet offices perform'd
That to the maidens fell, of song, or dance,
Or soft embroideries in silken threads,
And ever while beneath that pleasant mask
He woo'd the fairest to his side, and lived
In the perpetual blessedness of love,
Deep yearning stirr'd within his heart, deep thoughts
Moved his whole being, and lightly set to nought
That aimless discipline of maidens' eyes,
Those softening labours of the nerveless hand.

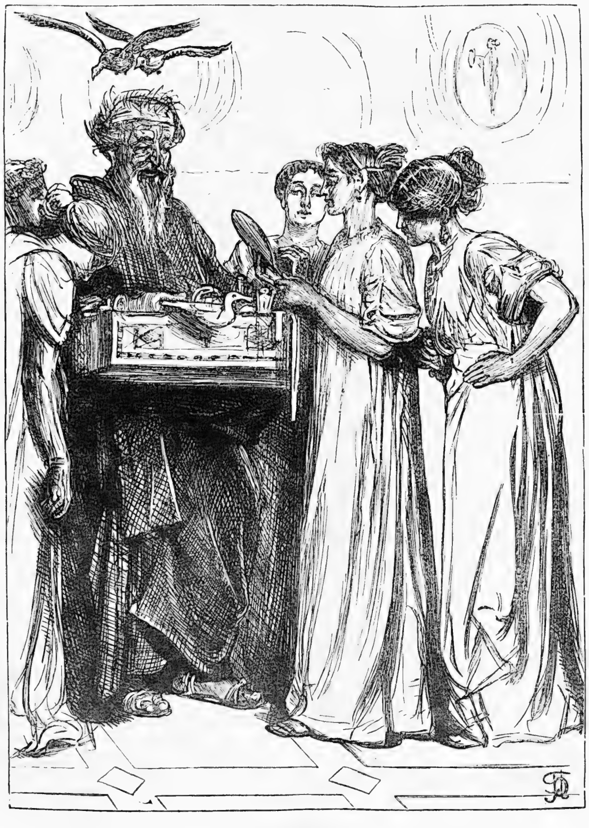
Meanwhile the armies met in many a clash
Of shield and helmet, broken spear with spear;
And now the ranks of one were driven back,
And now the other yielded to the foe;
And each was vanquish'd, each the victory gain'd.
Athene, to the brave Achaian host,
Whose arms she led, and in whose counsels mix'd,
Spake this forewarning—"Vain are all your toils,
Vain all your vaunted conquests on the field,
Except Achilles, son of Thetis, fight."
And wary-wise Ulysses form'd this plan—
"I to the court of Sycros, where he hides,
Will follow, not in open quest, but clad
As a Corinthian merchant, vending wares,
And arms to such as use them and have need;
If then Achilles, with the maidens there,
A seeming simple maid like one of them,
Run up to buy, that thing which he shall buy
Will show the manly heart in spite of all,
And I shall lead him boldly to the war."
Well in the issue proved the wary plan;
For so it chanced, that with the simple maids
Who ran delighted at the merchant's call,
And chose the glittering gauds of gold and pearl,
The spangles and the gems, Achilles came,
Disguised and meek in feature like a girl.
But all unlike the playful girl he seem'd,
His glance pass'd quickly over gauds and gems,
And lighted on a heavy-hilted sword,
Cumbrous and large; which at one wrench he drew
From the tight scabbard, and as though its weight
Had only been the weight of a mere toy,
Swung it in a broad compass through the air;
Thrust out, drew back, flourish'd, and thrust again,
In mimic fight with visionary foes.

And then Ulysses call'd him by his name,
To which he answer'd, casting off the guise
Of girlhood; and together they two went
Over the wide Ægean to the war.
Great victory follow'd, and at length the walls
Of Troy, high-built and many-tower'd, fell;
But fate subdued Achilles, and he sank,
Struck by the deadly arrow in the heel.

Michael Angelo.—In this connexion I wish to say one word about Michael Angelo Buonarotti. I used to worship the mighty genius of Michael Angelo—that man who was great in poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture—great in everything he undertook. But I do not want Michael Angelo for breakfast—for luncheon—for dinner—for tea—for supper—for between meals. I like a change occasionally. In Genoa he designed everything; in Milan he or his pupils designed everything; he designed the Lake of Como; in Padua, Verona, Venice, Bologna, whom did we ever hear of, from the guides, but Michael Angelo? In Florence he painted everything, designed everything, nearly, and what he did not design he used to sit on a favourite stone and look at, and they showed us the stone. In Pisa he designed everything but the old shot-tower, and they would have attributed that to him if it had not been so awfully out of the perpendicular. He designed the Leghorn and the custom-house regulations of Civita Vecchia. But here—here it is frightful. He designed St. Peter's; he designed the Pope; he designed the Pantheon, the uniform of the Pope's soldiers, the Tiber, the Vatican, Coliseum, the Capitol, the Tarpeian Rock, the Barberina Palace, St. John Lateran, the Campagna, the Appian Way, the Seven Hills, the Baths of Caracalla, the Claudian Aqueduct, the Cloaca Maxima—the eternal bore designed the Eternal City, and unless all men and books do lie, he painted everything in it! Dan said the other day to the guide, "Enough, enough, enough! Say no more! Lump the whole thing: Say that the Creator made Italy from designs by Michael Angelo!" I never felt so fervently thankful, so soothed, so tranquil, so filled with a blessed peace, as I did yesterday, when I learned that Michael Angelo was dead.—*The Innocents Abroad: a Book of Travel in Pursuit of Pleasure.* By Mark Twain.



THE DEATH OF WINKELREID.



ACHILLES.

THE DEATH OF WINKELREID.

(Battle of Sempach, 9th July, 1836.)

In July, when the bees swarmed thick upon the linden tops,
And farmers gazed with pride and joy upon their ripening crops,
The watchmen on our tall church towers, looking towards Willislow,
Saw the stacked barley in a flame, and the wheat-fields in a glow.

For Archduke Leopold had come from Zurich by the lake,
With lance, and bow, and banner spread, a dire revenge to take;
On Monday morning when the dew lay bright upon the corn,
Each man of Sempach blew alarm upon his mountain horn.

How fierce we ran with partisans, and axe, and spear, and sword,
With flail, and club, and shrieking horns, upon the Austrian horde;
Fierce plied our halberds at the spears, that thicker seemed to grow;
The more we struck, more boastfully the banners seemed to blow.

Till Winkelried stepped forth and said, knitting his rugged brow,
"Out on ye, men of Zurich town, go back and tend your plough;
Sluggards of Berne, go hunt and fish, when danger is not nigh.
See now how Unterwalden taught her hardy sons to die."

Then out he rushed with head bent low; his body breast and hands,
Bore down a sheaf of spears, and made a pathway for our bands.
Four lances splintered on his brow, six shivered in his side,
And still he struggled fiercely on, and, shouting "Victory," died.

Then on that broken flying rout, we Swiss, rejoicing, rushed
With sword, and mace, and partisan, that struck, and stabbed, and crushed;
Their banners beaten to the earth and all their best men slain,
The Austrians threw away their shields and fled across the plain.

And thus our Switzerland was saved, upon that summer's day,
And Sempach saw rejoicing men returning from the fray,
As we bore home brave Winkelreid a rainbow spanned our track,
But where the Austrian rabble fled a thunder-storm rolled back.

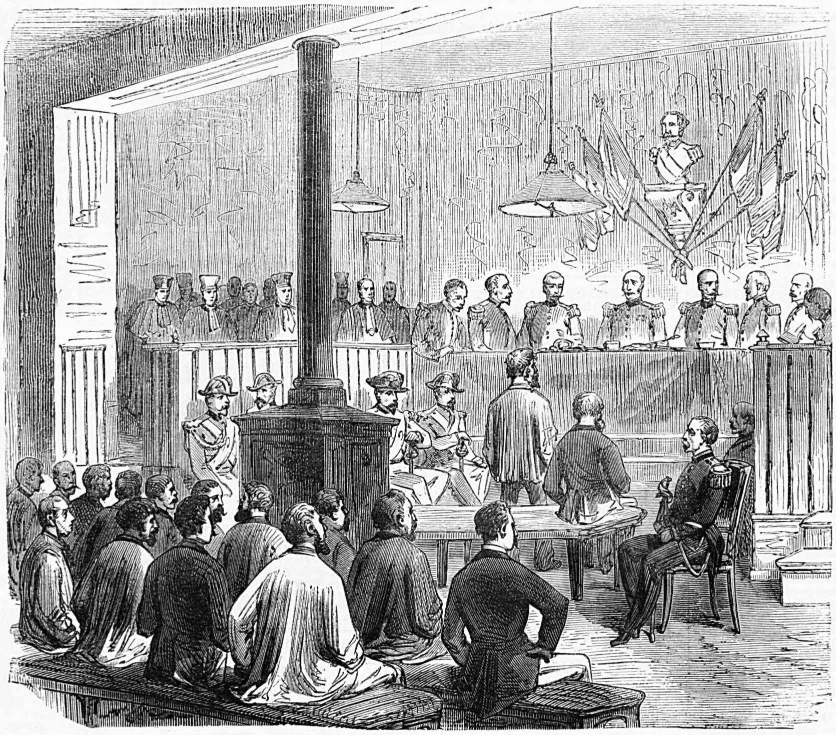
Scientific men have recently discovered that the poison taken into the system from continual smoking of tobacco will cause death in one hundred and sixty-seven years. We warn our readers who have been smoking nearly that time to break themselves of the habit at once.

Being Beforehand with Him.—A visitor to a Birmingham button manufactory, hearing one of the workmen muttering to himself, as he stamped out each button—"D—n the man who shall wear this button; D—n the man who shall wear this button;" ventured to expostulate on this somewhat broadcast damnation. The workman, however, justified himself by saying that he knew that the buttons he was making were so bad that the wearer of them would be sure to damn the maker, and so he thought that he had better be beforehand with him, and damn the wearer. —*Saturday Review.*

Extraordinary Scene at a Wedding.—Considerable excitement was caused in Leominster last Saturday morning by the publication of a handbill stating that a wedding would take place on the following Tuesday, the 27th, at ten o'clock, at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Leominster, and which concluded by stating that the attendance of the public was requested by the bridegroom. The names of the persons concerned were soon known in the town, and many were the statements made as to the reasons for the publication of the handbill. The service commenced at the appointed time, the chapel being crowded in every part. The bride and bridegroom with their friends were in attendance. The clergyman proceeded with the service until it came to the place for the rev. gentleman to ask if there were any persons present who knew any cause or impediment why the marriage ceremony should not be proceeded with, when the bridegroom at once rose to make some observations, but was interrupted by the father of the bride, who stated that if the bridegroom made any remarks he should have to say something in reply. The clergyman, however, pointed out that the only persons who could make statements were the bride and bridegroom, whereupon the bridegroom stood up, and said that six months ago he asked the lady to release him from his engagement. She declined, and afterwards stated that her father would not consent to its being broken off, and had expressed his determination to compel him to marry her. He went on to say that coercion had been resorted to to bring her to the ceremony, and he should marry her because he was bound by law to do so; it was in this spirit only that he could proceed with the ceremony. The service was then continued, but when the bride was asked whether she would take this man to be her husband, she replied emphatically, "No, I will not!" which caused intense excitement in the chapel. This of course brought the service to an abrupt termination. The bride immediately left the chapel, and the bridegroom (who seemed perfectly satisfied with the result) drove away, followed by an immense number of persons, who cheered him most heartily.

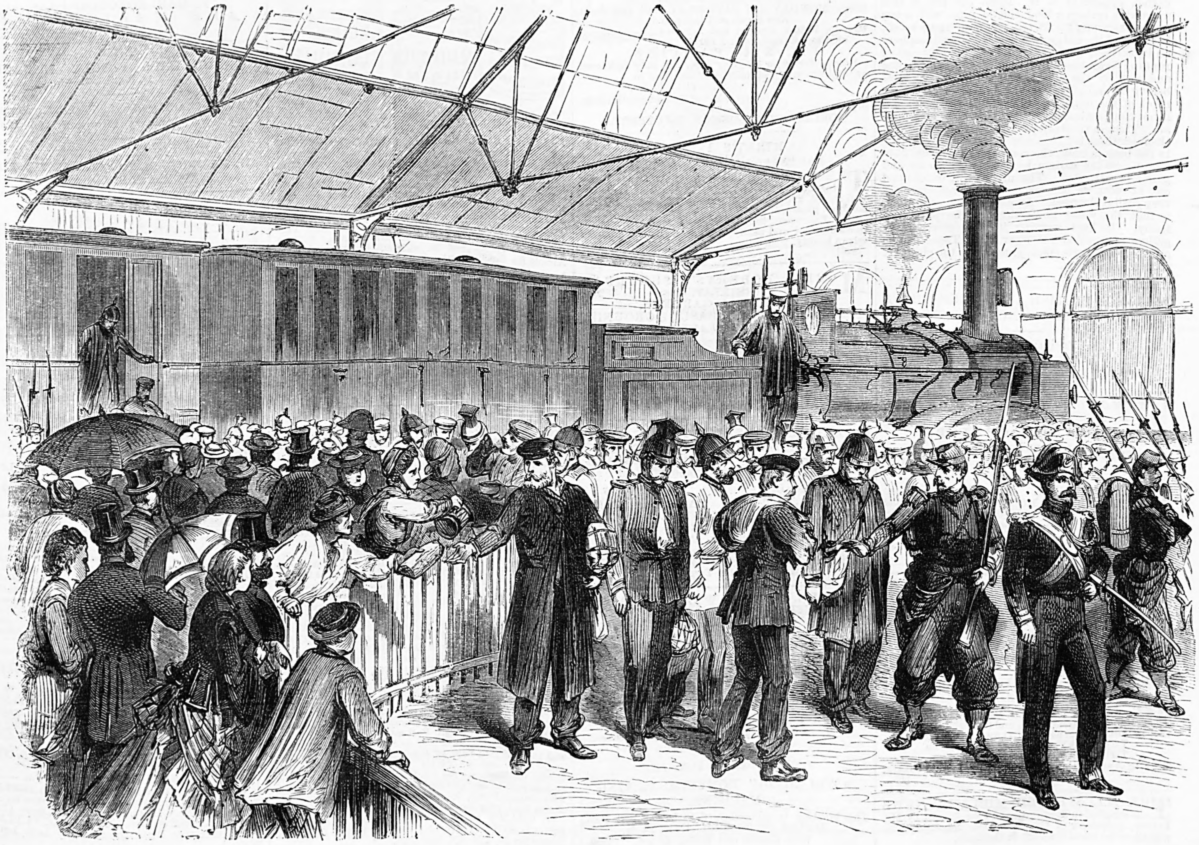
CHARLES HART—THE SPY.

The adjoining picture pourtrays the interior of the Court of Justice in Paris during a Council of War or Court Martial upon the unfortunate man Charles Hart, accused of being a Prussian spy. The President was Colonel Lobelin de Dione. Hart, as the French papers acknowledge, was neither a traitor nor a coward. He had been a soldier. He was formerly a Lieutenant of the 64th Regiment of the Line. Young, slender, well dressed, pale, with blue, dreamy eyes, he had the resolute bearing of a soldier, and did not flinch before his accusers. He was arrested at Gien. A revolver, not loaded, had been found upon him, five cartridges, a photograph containing the portraits of two women, and the inscription: "Do not give yourselves the trouble to seek out my identity; I have had enough of life; I am tired of it, and going to give it up." Besides these properties and relics he had only a purse and about fivepence in coppers. To the Procureur he declared that he was employed by the Prussian Government to take plans of the borders of the Loire and the route to Bourges. Before the Court he withdrew his statement, and said he was only a traveller from Touraine, writing to his family his impressions of the opinion which the people of the country entertained of the war. Against the prisoner was quoted his first avowal, and the fact that he was seen outside Gien inspecting the locality and taking notes, though the notes had not been found. On that evidence poor Charles Hart was condemned. He heard the sentence without moving a muscle of his face, and he died the death of a brave man. When he was led before the piquet he asked that his eyes might not be bandaged. "I wish," he said, "to be shot upstanding and looking upon Heaven." He, however, permitted them to cover his eyes with a handkerchief, but they could not induce him to kneel. At the moment when the shots were fired he was heard to cry "Für das Vaterland" before he fell. This was the first man who was sacrificed in the war as a Prussian spy.



TRIAL OF CHARLES HART AS A PRUSSIAN SPY.

The Effect of Vegetable Diet.—"I think," said Bronson Alcott once, in conversation, "that when man lives on beef he becomes something like an ox; if he eats mutton he begins to look sheepish; and if he eats pork, may he not grow to be swinish?" "That may be," said Dr. Walker, of Cambridge; "But when a man lives on nothing but vegetables, I think he's apt to be pretty small potatoes."



PRUSSIAN PRISONERS DISEMBARKED AT A COUNTRY RAILWAY STATION. *(See page 227.)*

The Queen's Hospital, Birmingham.—The Winter Session was opened on Wednesday afternoon with an introductory address by Dr. Fleming, delivered in the Hospital Theatre, Mr. W. H. Dixon in the chair. The lecture was an admirable and appropriate one.

There is something after all in the notion and belief that tight boots produce weak eyes. A professional gentleman says:—However disposed fashionable ladies may be to wear the high-built, conical-shaped heeled boot of the period, with narrow toes and light top soles which throws the foot so prominently forward, and tends to compress it in a space which the boot-closer narrowly limits, and however anxious they may be to imitate the Lady Hester Stanhope, whose foot, it is stated, betrayed a royal race, for water flowed beneath the instep, this we tell them in the hour of splendour and fashion' that the localised pain suffered from compression of the foot, so patiently endured in the unsteady bashful look about the eyes, the perpetually winking of the lids, and the contracted brow, so pathogomic of approaching weakness of sight is the *asthenopia* of the oculist; whilst we must remind them Propertius has written *oculisunt in amore duces*, and we now teach them that at the expense of a neat foot, they must not injure their eyesight.

Chalybeate Waters.—On page 233 of this paper the reader will find a portrait and memoir of the celebrated chemist, Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, founder and principal of the Liverpool College of Chemistry. The learned Doctor was some years ago the discoverer of a unique Spa at Harrogate, whose waters are called the "Dr. Muspratt Chalybeate," and are considered to be a very remarkable and, indeed, almost unrivalled tonic. More recently a happy idea has been hit upon, Messrs. Cook and Co., of the Royal Pump Room, Harrogate Wells, are making use of the ferruginous spa waters of that town instead of the common *aqua-fontis* in the manufacture of ærated waters, and the public are now supplied with ærated iron water, bottled at the Pump Room, Harrogate, and served, like ordinary soda water, all over England and, indeed, in any part of the world. The union of the original properties of those waters with the qualities gained by æration has proved of very great advantage to invalides. Happily, the boon is not confined to the use of the sick. We have tried the Ærated Chalybeate as an ordinary refreshing beverage, and find it excellent, and a decided improvement on Soda Water. The chief agents are Messrs. Whittle and Co., 63, Great Toneer-street, London.

Pure Water.—Our attention has been called to the improvements introduced into the filtering of water for domestic purposes by Mr. Alfred Bird, of Worcester-street, Birmingham. By the construction of the usual filter every drop of water supplied to the apparatus runs through the animal carbon composition, leaving the impurities, whatever they may be, in the carbon. Mr. Bird adopts a widely different plan. He takes a large jar or cistern filled with water, and places his carbon apparatus in it. From the top of this apparatus springs a long elastic pipe, with a tap at its extremity; and the water in the utensil, by force of the natural pressure of the atmosphere on its surface, rises through the filter (instead of running down through it) and flows into the pipe and out by the tap for use. To this process belong several advantages. As the water stands, much of the impurity settles in the utensil, and is not communicated to the carbon composition at all. Then in the very process of rising through the filter there is a tendency in the sediment to fall to the bottom only, the comparatively pure fluid rising. So the carbon has less work to do and gets less corrupted. The utensil can be cleaned out as often as necessary, and the apparatus is very easily cleansed. Another great advantage is that the water flows through the pipe very freely. If kept running it will deliver sixty gallons of purified water per day. There can be no doubt about its efficacy, and it is the cheapest filter we have seen.

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THURSDAY, October 13th.
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On Monday, October 24, GRAND ITALIAN OPERA. [44

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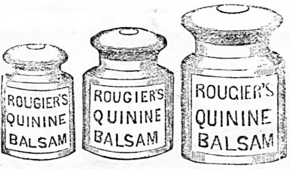

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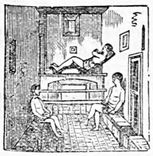

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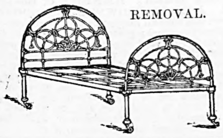

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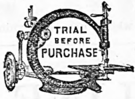

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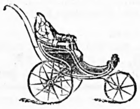

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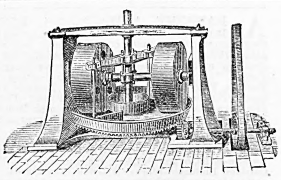

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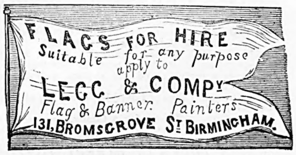

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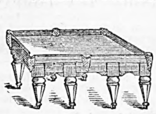

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THE EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY, 9, Great St. Helen's, Bishopgate-street, London, appoint Agents in every Town for the sale of their Teas. A good living may be made by this Agency. Apply for Prospectus as above. [853

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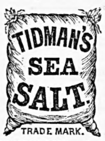

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Machines à coudre silencieuses Système Wheeler & Wilson perfectionné
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FLUODENTINE, OR LIQUID DENTIFRICE. Three or four drops on the moistened brush is sufficient for one application. It cleanses the enamel, hardens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Invaluable to Smokers. See Dr. Hassall's Report and Medical Testimonials. Sold in bottles at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. each, by Chemists and Perfumers generally, and by R. HAMPSON, Chemist, 63, Piccadilly, Manchester.

BIRMINGHAM AGENT:
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